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Battlefield Action

A NEW BATTLE-ACTION SERIES
"SHOTGUN" HARKER AND THE CHICKEN

C'MON, CHICKEN... LET'S GET 'EM!

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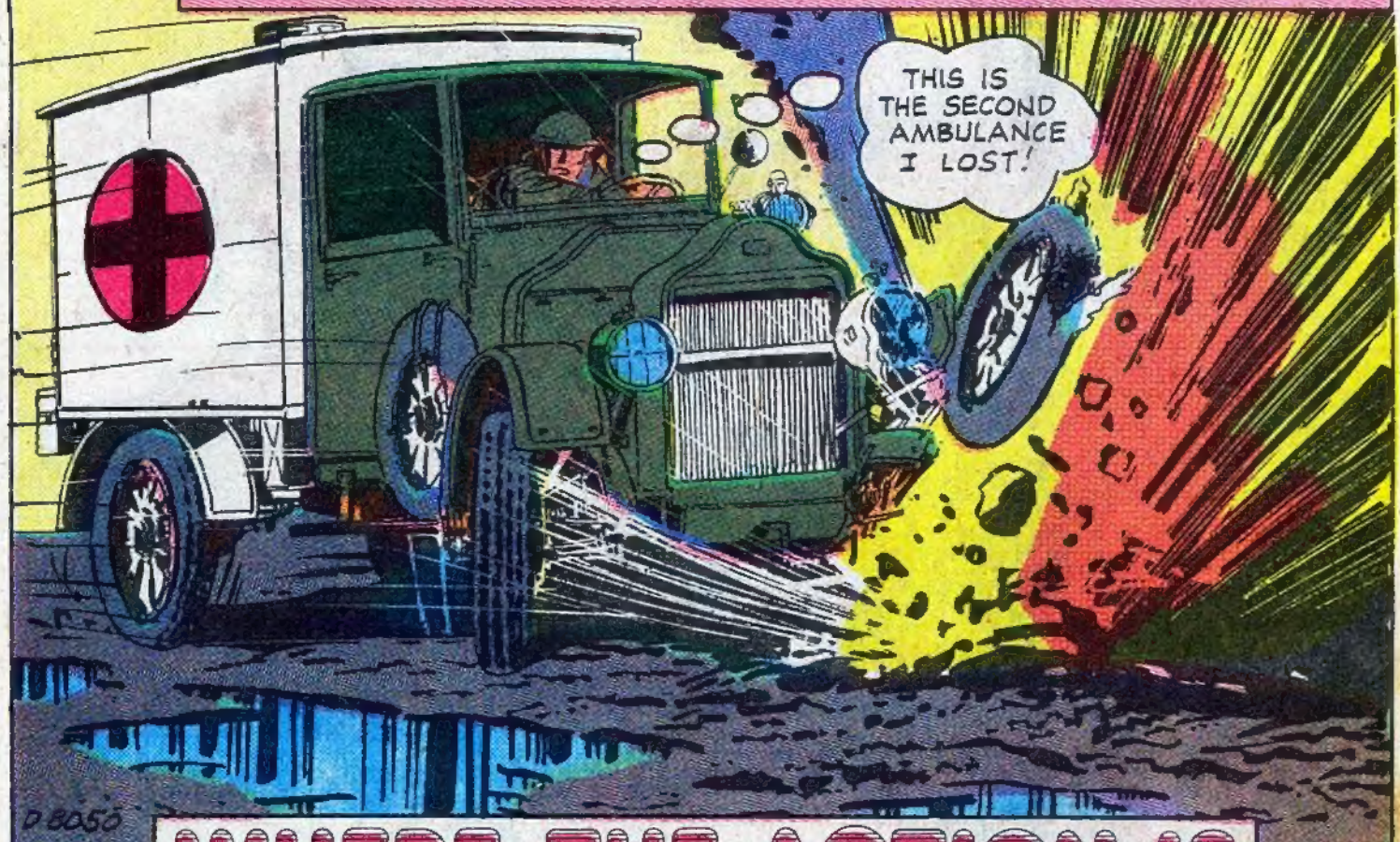
HaCsA

ALVIN DEXTER WAS A SENIOR IN COLLEGE IN 1916 AND THE PAPERS WERE CARRYING HEADLINES ABOUT THE VICTORIES AND DEFEATS IN THE GREAT WAR RAGING IN EUROPE. THE UNITED STATES WASN'T YET INVOLVED SO THE SENIOR QUIT COLLEGE IN SEPTEMBER, 1916, AND JOINED THE AMERICAN RED CROSS WHICH WAS SENDING AMBULANCE DRIVERS TO FRANCE. AL DEXTER THOUGHT IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS AND ADVENTUROUS. BUT IT WAS HARD, GRUELING WORK, DANGEROUS ENOUGH...BUT THE COLLEGE STUDENT QUICKLY LEARNED THAT WAR IS A DIRTY, DEGRADING BUSINESS.



WHERE THE ACTION IS

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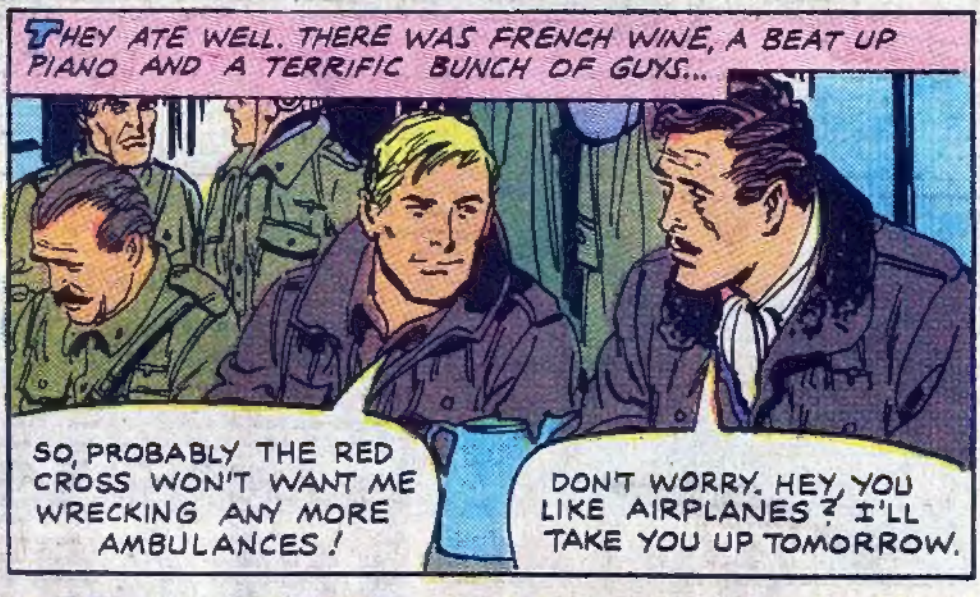
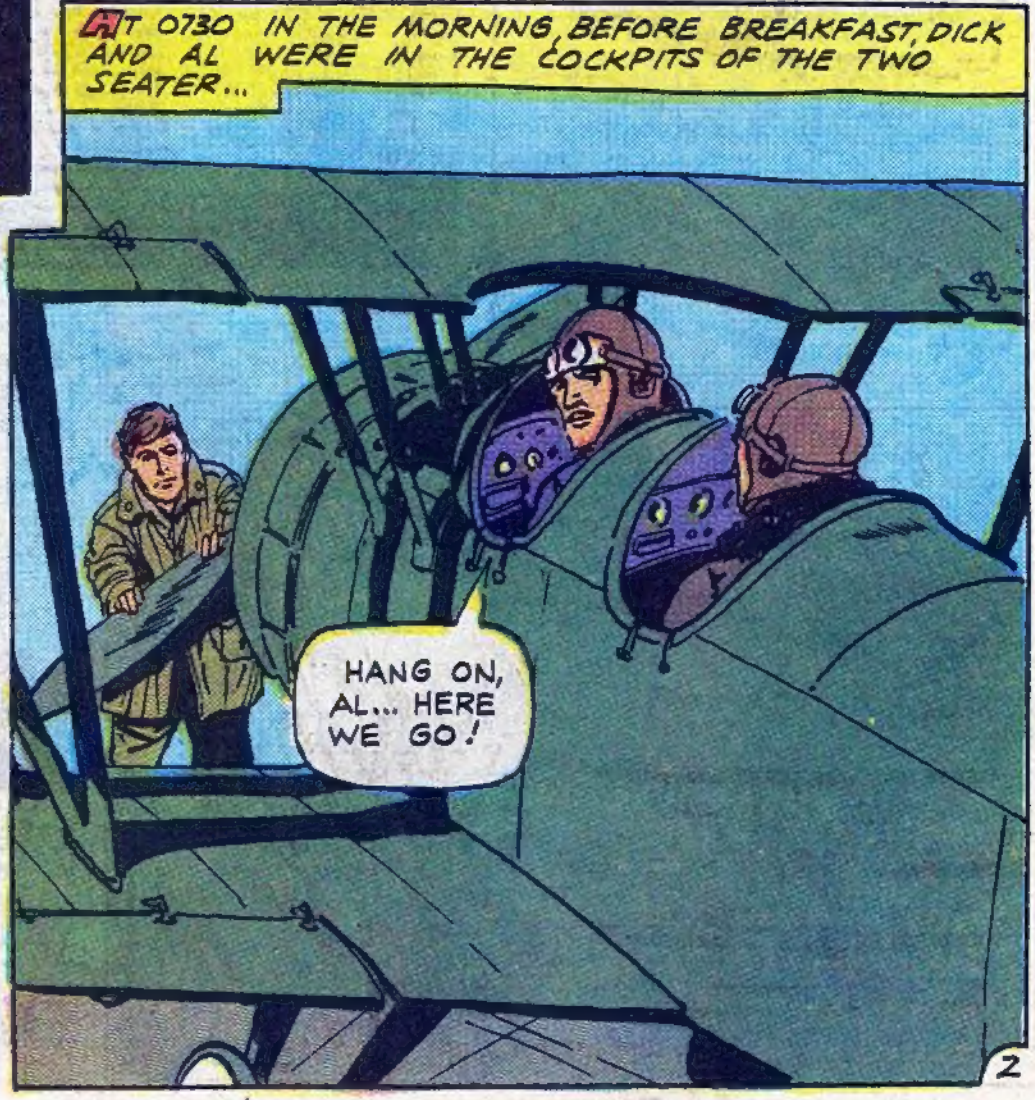
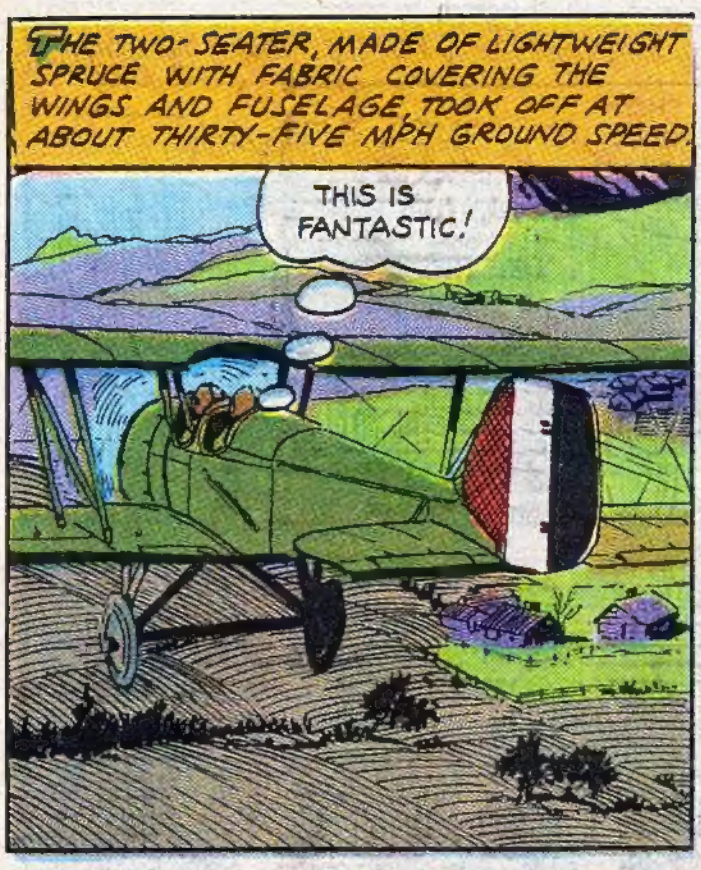
HEY, AIRPLANES! STOP, I WANT TO LOOK AT ONE.
NOT NOW, CHOWDER-HEAD! THERE'LL BE TIME FOR THAT TOMORROW.

I'M CAPTAIN DICK ELDRIDGE, FRENCH AIR FORCE. THIS IS THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE, ALL AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS.
WOW! I'VE HEARD OF IT. I'M AL DEXTER, EX AMBULANCE DRIVER!


THEY ATE WELL. THERE WAS FRENCH WINE, A BEAT UP PIANO AND A TERRIFIC BUNCH OF GUYS...
SO, PROBABLY THE RED CROSS WON'T WANT ME WRECKING ANY MORE AMBULANCES!
DON'T WORRY. HEY, YOU LIKE AIRPLANES? I'LL TAKE YOU UP TOMORROW.

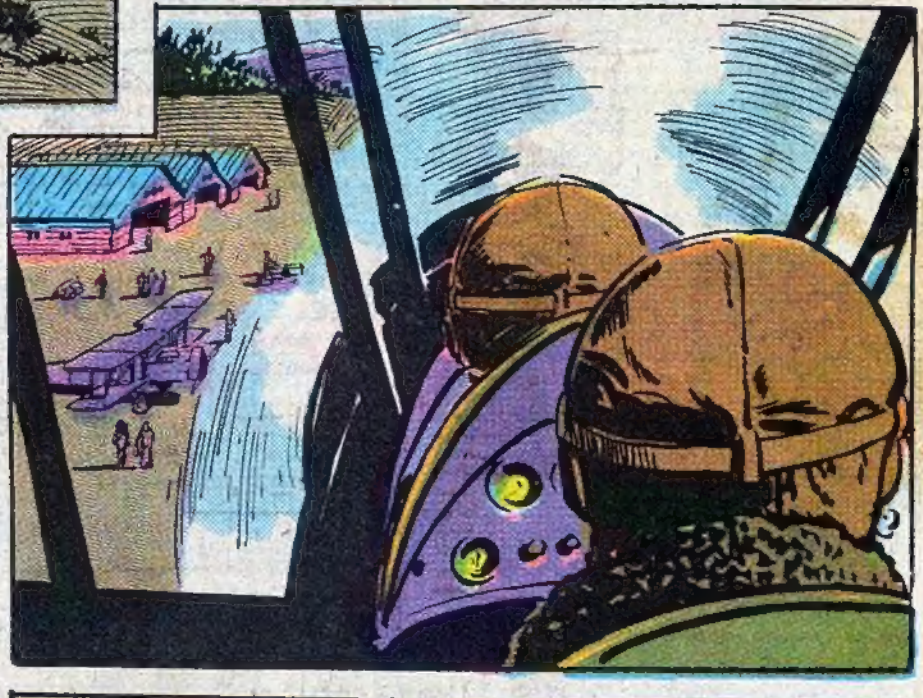
WE'VE GOT A TWO-SEATER ON THE FIELD. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE FOR RECONNAISSANCE BUT WE USE IT AS A TRAINER!

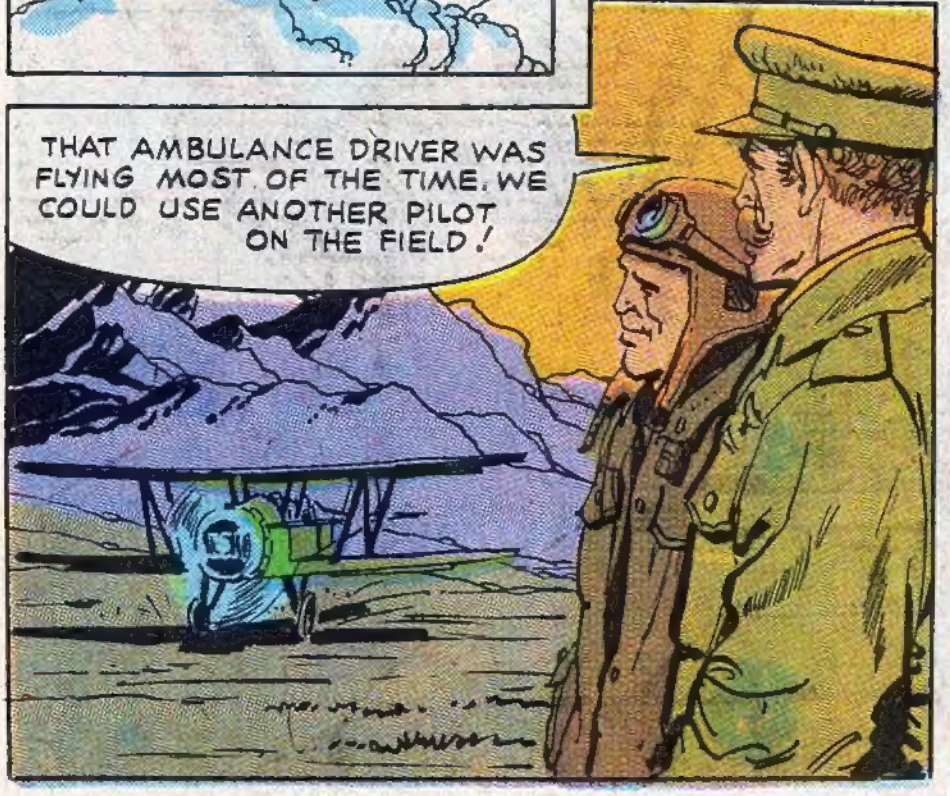

AT 0730 IN THE MORNING, BEFORE BREAKFAST, DICK AND AL WERE IN THE COCKPITS OF THE TWO SEATER...
HANG ON, AL... HERE WE GO!


THE TWO-SEATER, MADE OF LIGHTWEIGHT SPRUCE WITH FABRIC COVERING THE WINGS AND FUSELAGE, TOOK OFF AT ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE MPH GROUND SPEED.
THIS IS FANTASTIC!

KEEP YOUR FEET ON THE RUDDER PEDALS AND HOLD THE STICK SO YOU CAN FEEL THE CONTROLS WHEN I MANEUVER.

THIRTY MINUTES LATER, AL WAS ABLE TO FLY STRAIGHT AND LEVEL...




THAT AMBULANCE DRIVER WAS FLYING MOST OF THE TIME. WE COULD USE ANOTHER PILOT ON THE FIELD!

FOR TWO WEEKS, ONE OF THE FAMED PILOTS OF THE FRENCH AIR FORCE TOOK AL DEXTER UP. WHEN HE WASN'T FLYING, HE...
MAKE SURE THE SPARK PLUGS ARE CHECKED BEFORE EVERY FLIGHT. ALSO YOUR AIRELON, RUDDER AND ELEVATOR CONTROLS!

SEE, MONSIEUR? WHEN THE SHELL EJECTOR JAMS, YOU MUST PRY IT LOOSE WITH THIS TOOL.
THIRTEEN DAYS AFTER HE CAME TO THE FIELD, ALVIN DEXTER SOLOED IN THE TWO-SEATER. IT WAS THE FINEST MOMENT OF HIS LIFE...
THE PILOTS IN THE ESCADRILLE TAUGHT ME TO FLY... I'D DO ANYTHING TO REPAY THEM!
THEY'D TAUGHT HIM TO SCAN THE SKY, ABOVE, BELOW, AND ON EVERY SIDE... EVEN WHEN HE WAS ON THE ALLIED SIDE OF THE FRONT. AND IT PAID OFF WHEN HE SPOTTED A...
THAT'S A GERMAN PLANE, A FOKKER!
A HUN! HE'LL BOMB AND STRAFE THE FIELD ... AND ALL THE PLANES ARE OVER THE FRONT!
4
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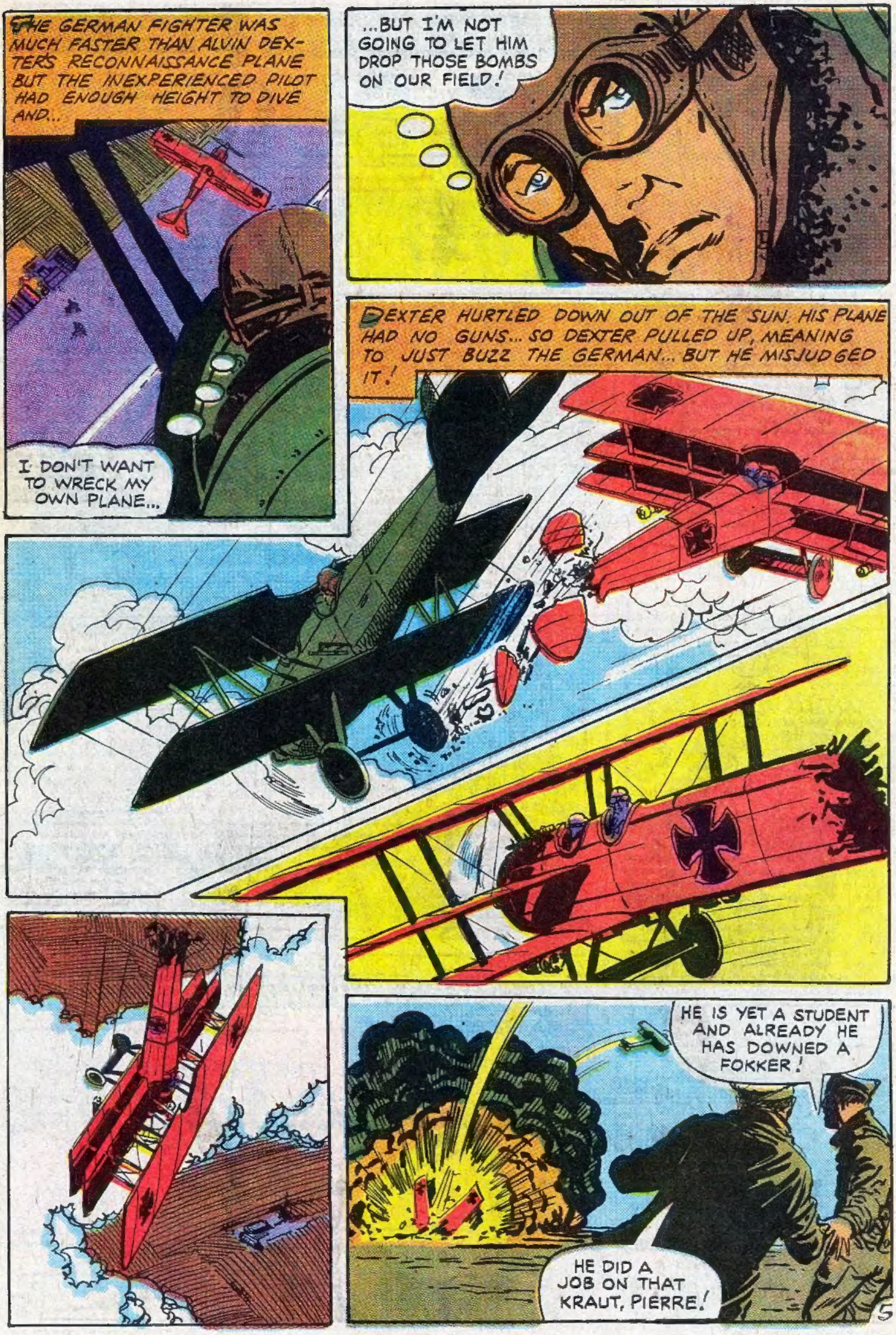
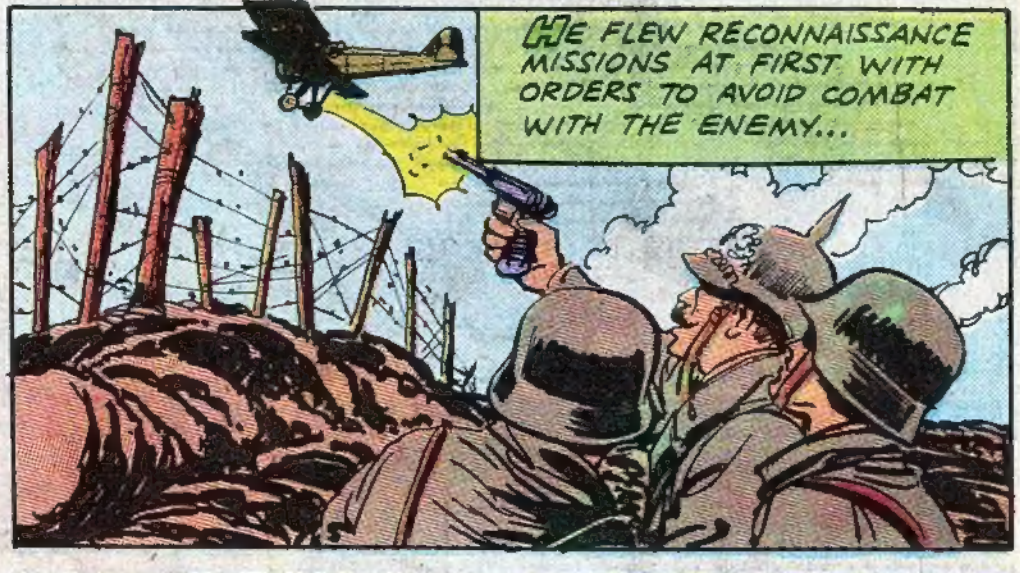
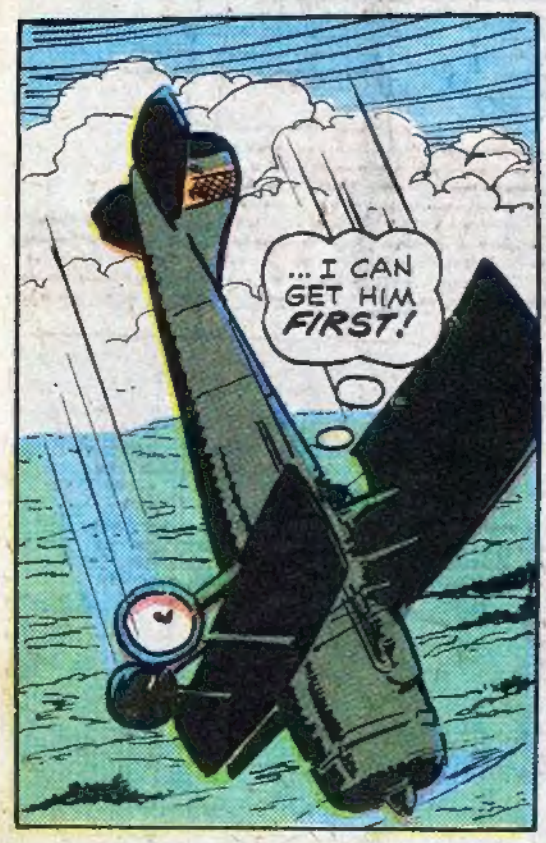
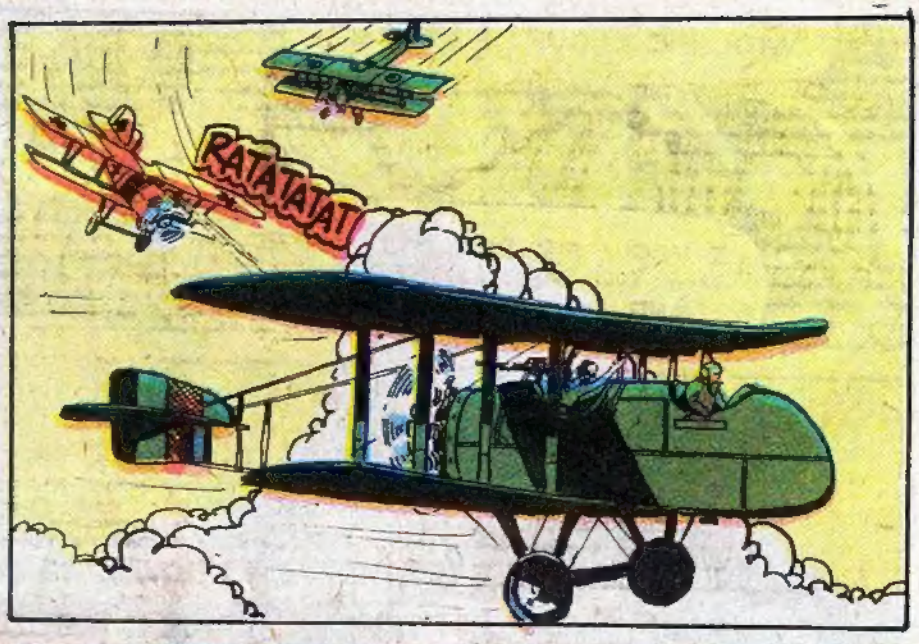

THE GERMAN FIGHTER WAS MUCH FASTER THAN ALVIN DEXTER'S RECONNAISSANCE PLANE BUT THE INEXPERIENCED PILOT HAD ENOUGH HEIGHT TO DIVE AND...
I DON'T WANT TO WRECK MY OWN PLANE...
...BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET HIM DROP THOSE BOMBS ON OUR FIELD!
DEXTER HURTLED DOWN OUT OF THE SUN. HIS PLANE HAD NO GUNS... SO DEXTER PULLED UP, MEANING TO JUST BUZZ THE GERMAN... BUT HE MISJUDGED IT!
HE IS YET A STUDENT AND ALREADY HE HAS DOWNED A FOKKER!
HE DID A JOB ON THAT KRAUT, PIERRE!

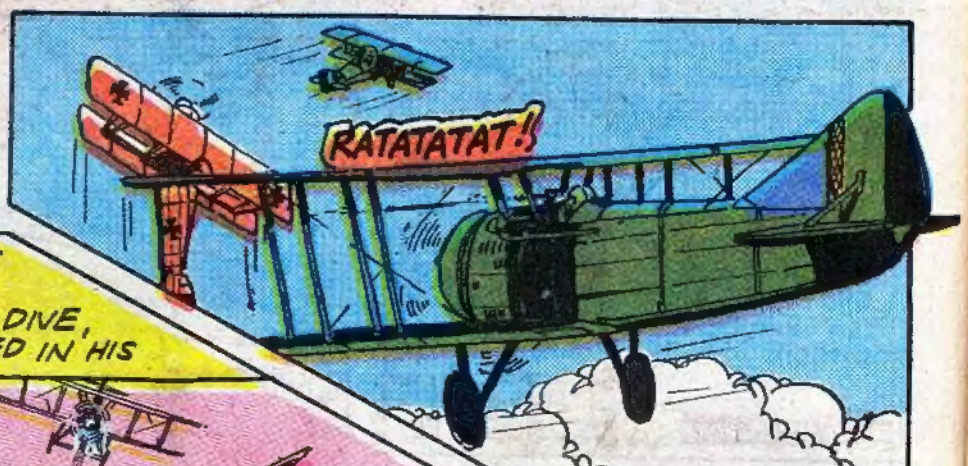
THEY CELEBRATED AL DEXTER'S EXPLOIT THAT NIGHT IN THE OFFICER'S MESS AND AT ITS HEIGHT, MAJOR VAUGHAN DEMANDED SILENCE. HE SUMMONED DEXTER FORWARD AND..



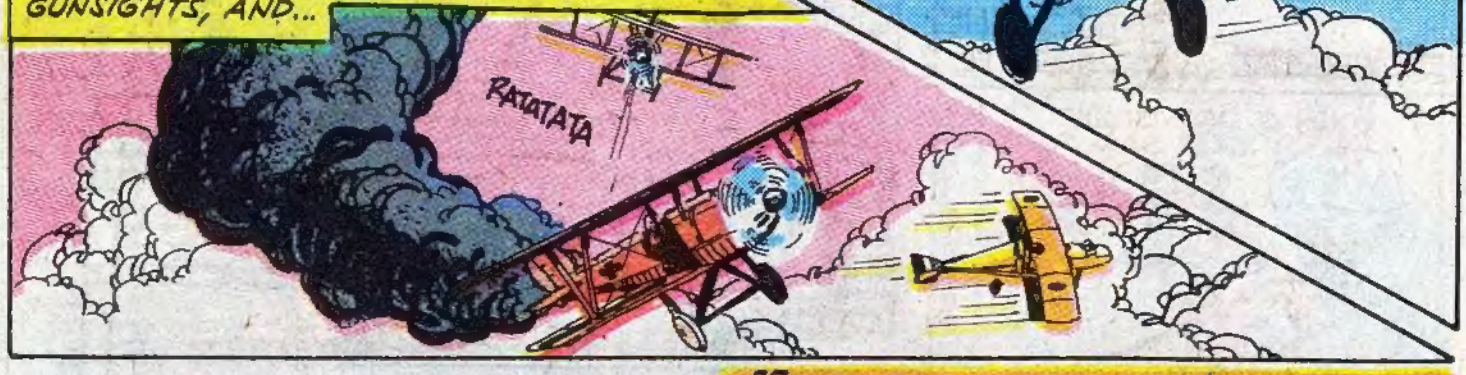
AND, THEN, HE FLEW SORTIES OVER THE LINES... WATCHED OVER BY THE FINEST PILOT IN THE FRENCH ESCADRILLE IN WHICH ALL PILOTS WERE AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS.
AN ALBATROSS IS ATTACKING A TWO-SEATER! HE'LL SHOOT IT DOWN UNLESS...







LT. DEXTER HAD TIMED HIS DIVE PERFECTLY. AS HE BEGAN TO BRING THE S.P.A.D. OUT OF THE DIVE, THE ALBATROSS WAS CENTERED IN HIS GUNSIGHTS, AND...

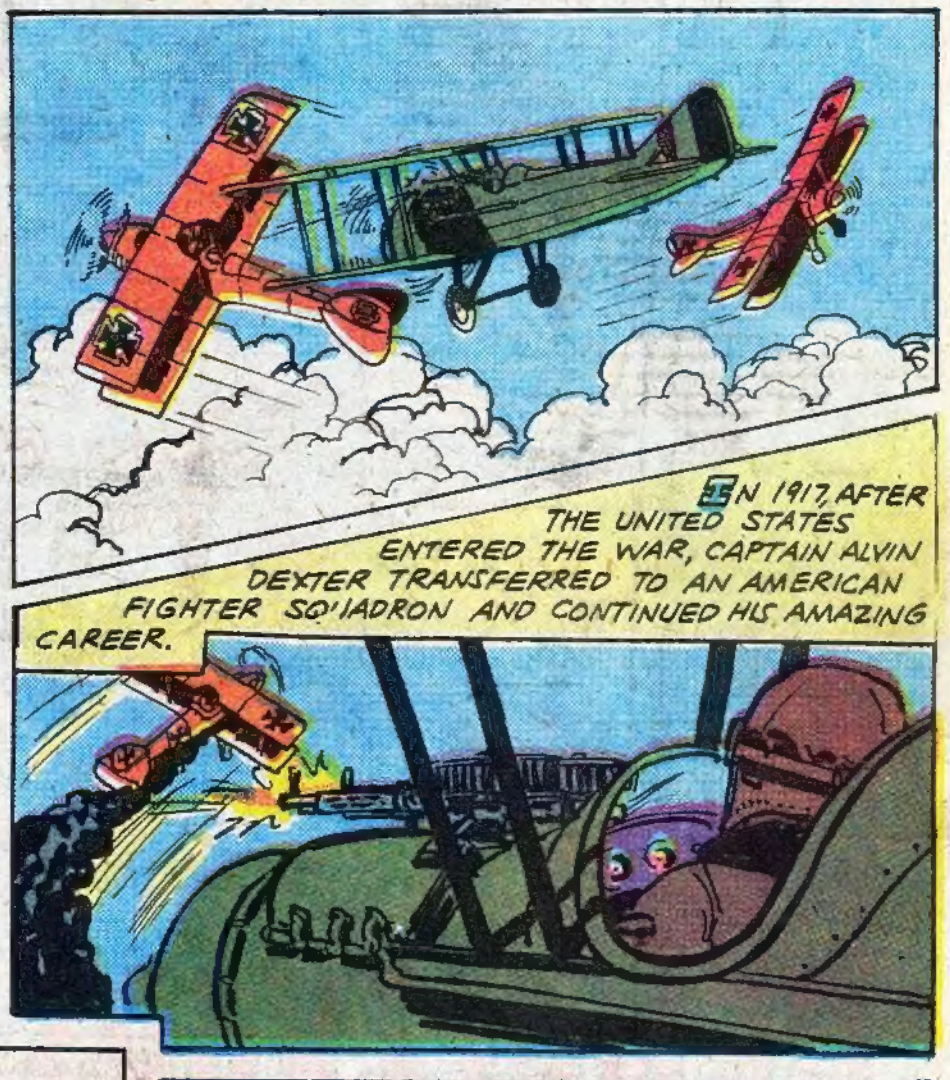


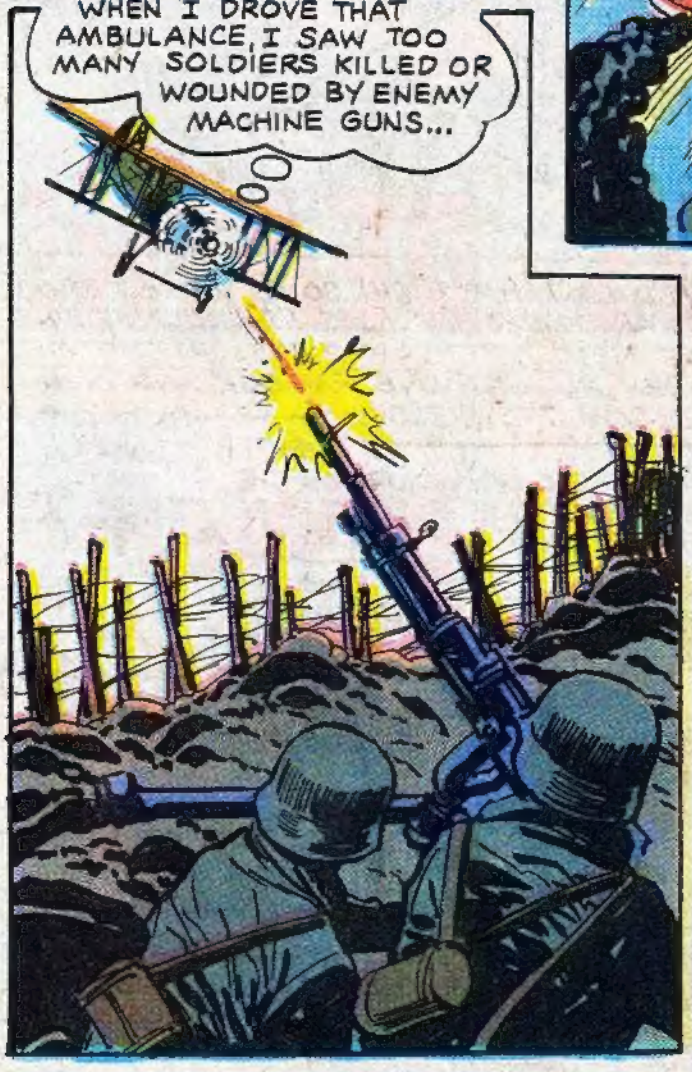
HE'D LOST THE FLIGHT SO HE TURNED BACK TOWARD HIS OWN LINES. HE COULDN'T FIND THE FIELD AND HE WAS STILL IN THE AIR WHEN HIS GASOLINE RAN OUT... AND THEN HE SAW THE FIELD!

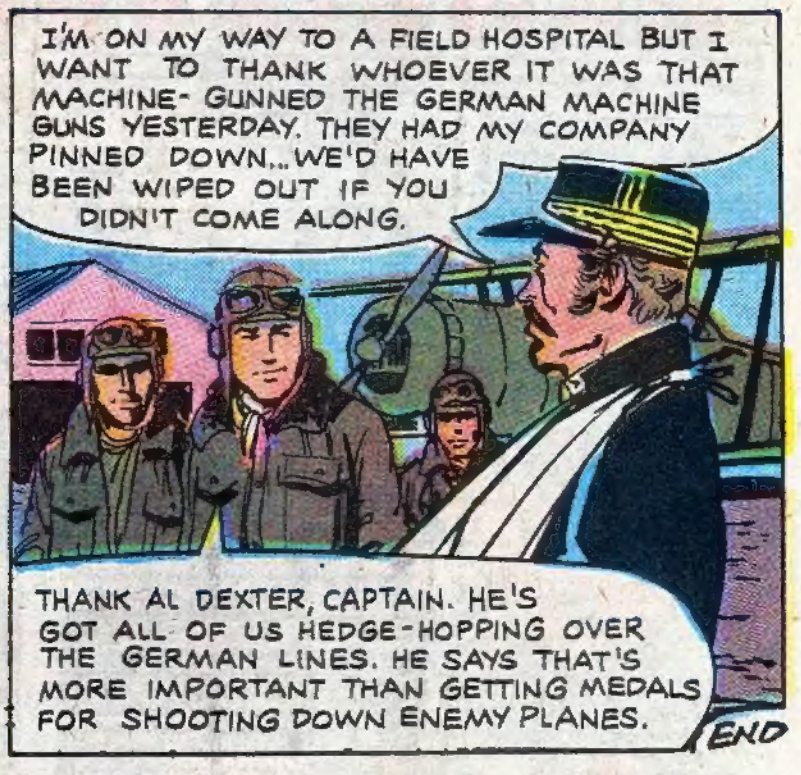
DEXTER HAS HIS SECOND VICTORY ON THE THIRD SORTIE HE FLEW! I HOPE HE FINDS HIS WAY HOME...
THERE HE IS... AS USUAL DOING THINGS THE HARD WAY AND MAKING IT LOOK EASY!

DIDN'T I ORDER YOU TO STAY WITH THE GROUP, LIEUTENANT?
I KNOW, SIR, BUT... IF I WAITED THE TWO MEN IN THE DEHAVILLAND WOULD BE DEAD NOW!

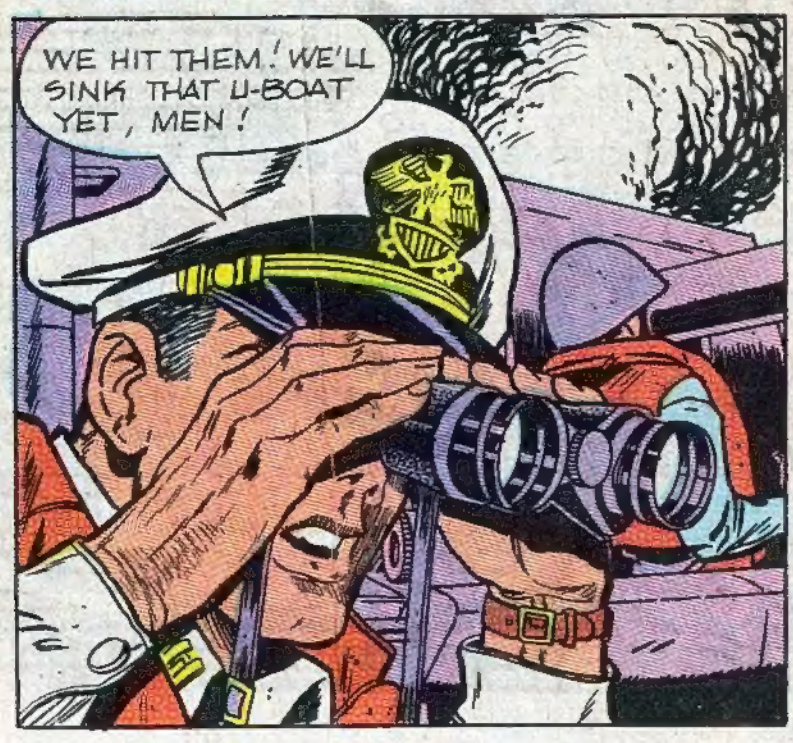
I'M JOKING, AL. YOU DID THE RIGHT THING AND YOU DID IT WELL! THAT WAS A HAPPY DAY YOU WRECKED YOUR AMBULANCE.
I JUST GOT A LETTER FROM HOME. THE RED CROSS HAD LISTED ME AS MISSING IN ACTION.


IN 1917, AFTER THE UNITED STATES ENTERED THE WAR, CAPTAIN ALVIN DEXTER TRANSFERRED TO AN AMERICAN FIGHTER SQUADRON AND CONTINUED HIS AMAZING CAREER.

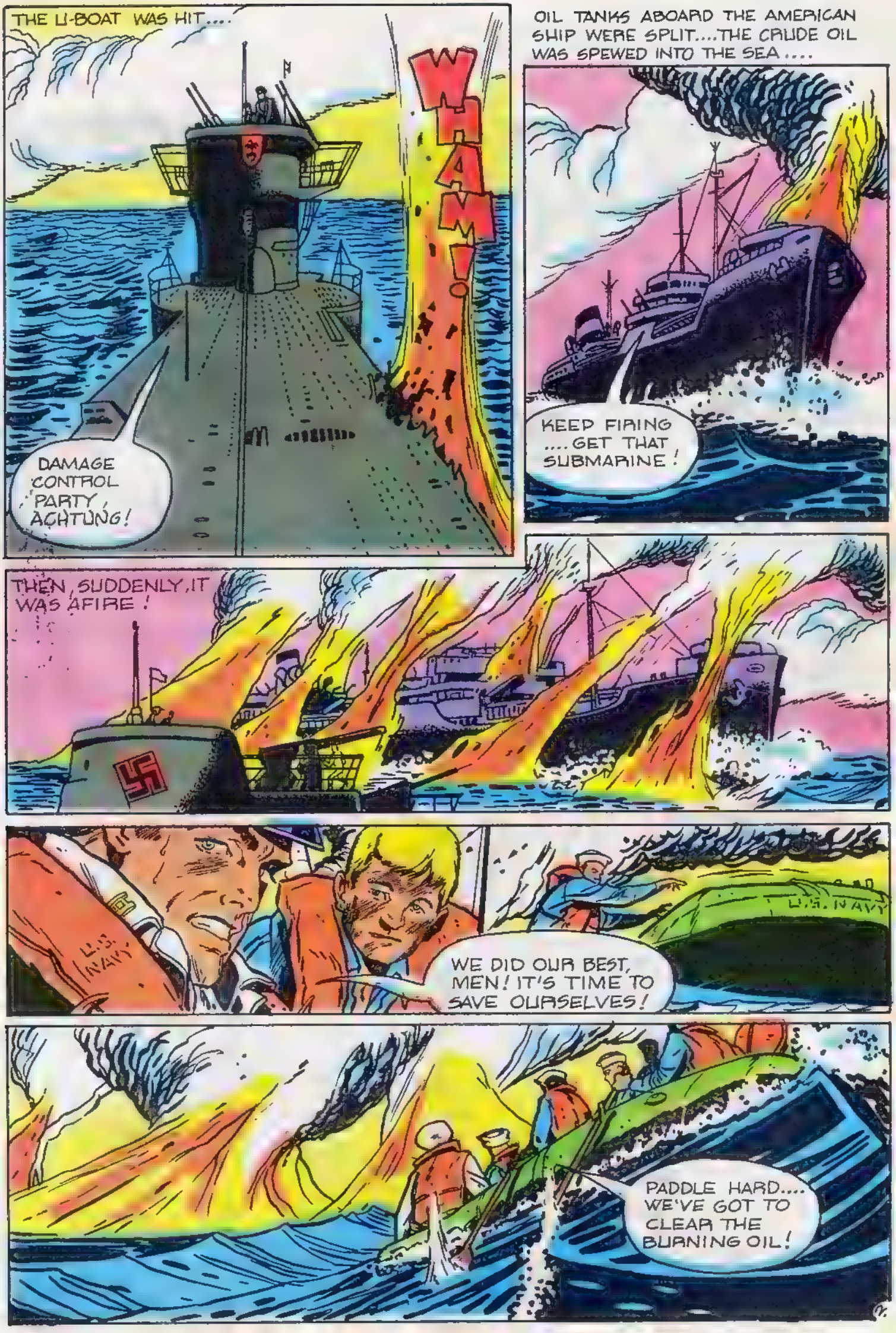

WHEN I DROVE THAT AMBULANCE, I SAW TOO MANY SOLDIERS KILLED OR WOUNDED BY ENEMY MACHINE GUNS...

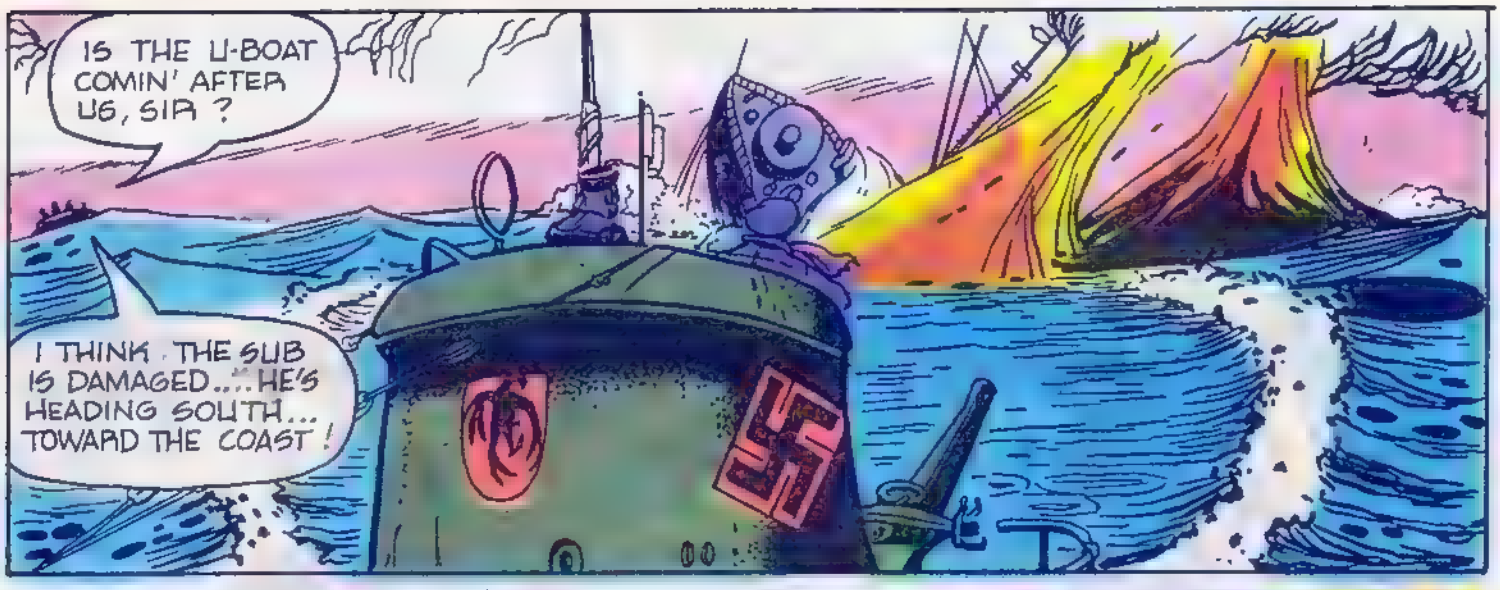

I'M ON MY WAY TO A FIELD HOSPITAL BUT I WANT TO THANK WHOEVER IT WAS THAT MACHINE-GUNNED THE GERMAN MACHINE GUNS YESTERDAY. THEY HAD MY COMPANY PINNED DOWN... WE'D HAVE BEEN WIPED OUT IF YOU DIDN'T COME ALONG.
THANK AL DEXTER, CAPTAIN. HE'S GOT ALL OF US HEDGE-HOPPING OVER THE GERMAN LINES. HE SAYS THAT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN GETTING MEDALS FOR SHOOTING DOWN ENEMY PLANES.
END

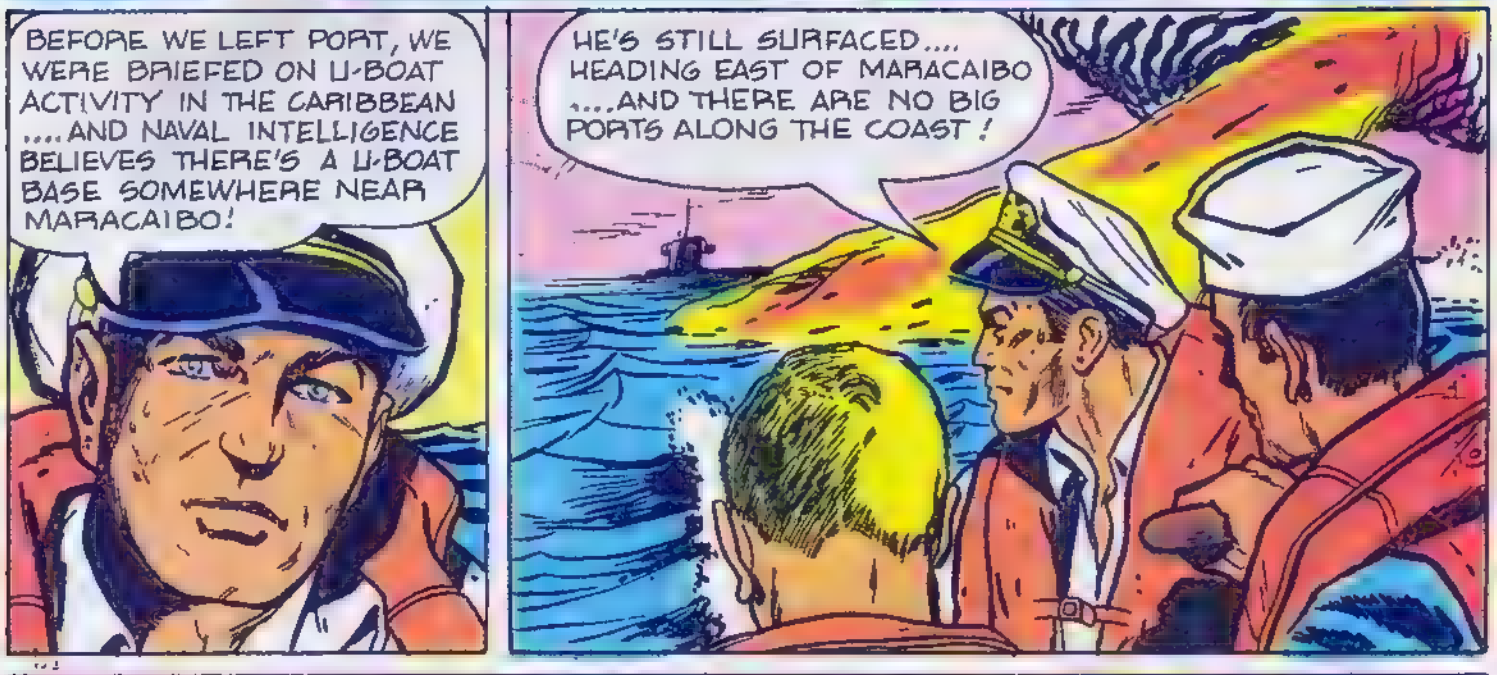
The heavily loaded American tanker was steaming through the Gulf of Venezuela when the Nazi U-boat surfaced! As "Battle Stations" sounded aboard the tanker, German submarine commander Kapitan Horst Wieborg snapped orders at his gun crew....
D-5782
DOWN FIFTY YARDS....FIRE FOR EFFECT!
USS411
U45
FEUER! SINK THE SCHWEINHUND!
Himes
RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH!

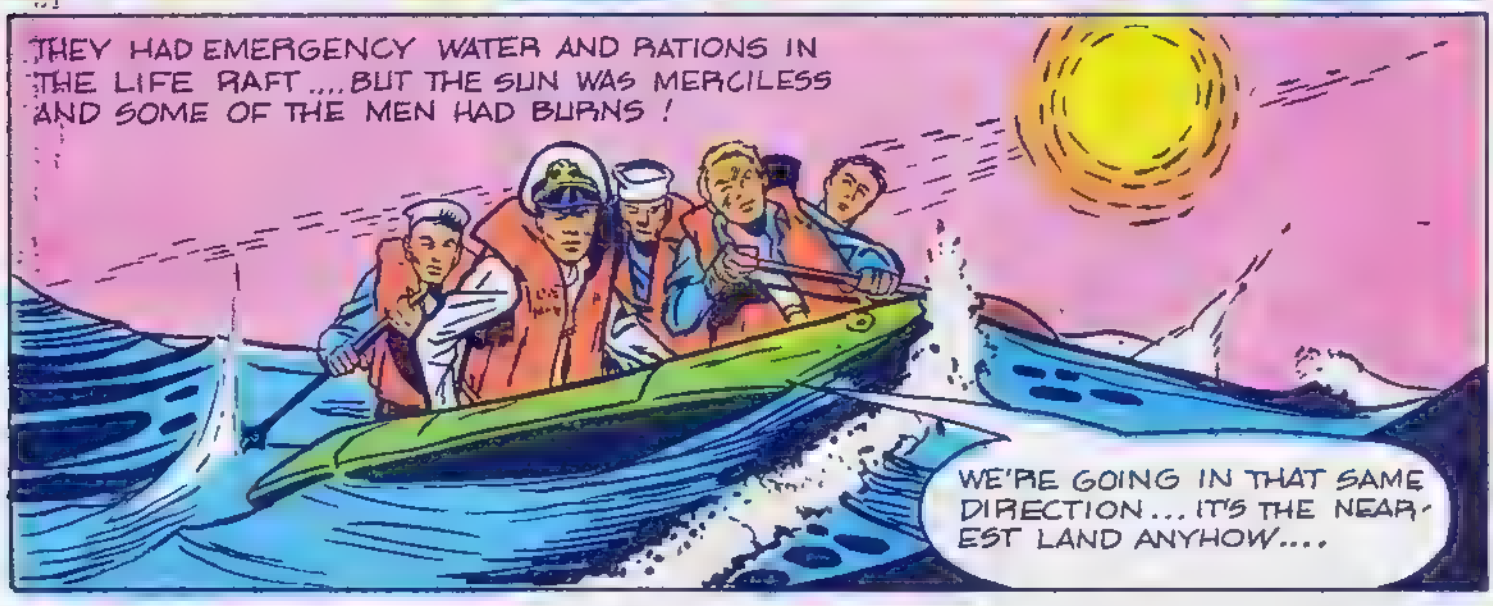

WE HIT THEM! WE'LL SINK THAT U-BOAT YET, MEN!

KPOW!
U45
D-5782
1.


THE U-BOAT WAS HIT....
WHAM!
DAMAGE CONTROL PARTY, ACHTUNG!
OIL TANKS ABOARD THE AMERICAN SHIP WERE SPLIT....THE CRUDE OIL WAS SPEWED INTO THE SEA.....
KEEP FIRING ....GET THAT SUBMARINE!
THEN, SUDDENLY, IT WAS AFIRE!
U.S. NAVY
WE DID OUR BEST, MEN! IT'S TIME TO SAVE OURSELVES!
PADDLE HARD.... WE'VE GOT TO CLEAR THE BURNING OIL!



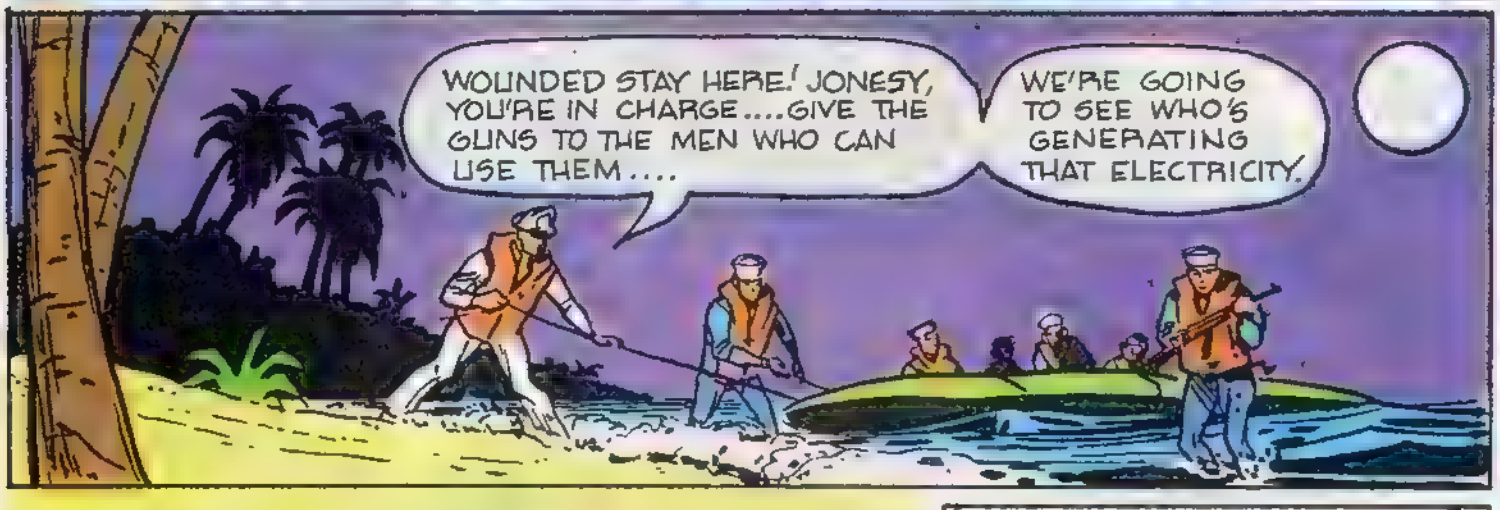

BEFORE WE LEFT PORT, WE WERE BRIEFED ON U-BOAT ACTIVITY IN THE CARIBBEAN .... AND NAVAL INTELLIGENCE BELIEVES THERE'S A U-BOAT BASE SOMEWHERE NEAR MARACAIBO!
HE'S STILL SURFACED.... HEADING EAST OF MARACAIBO .... AND THERE ARE NO BIG PORTS ALONG THE COAST !

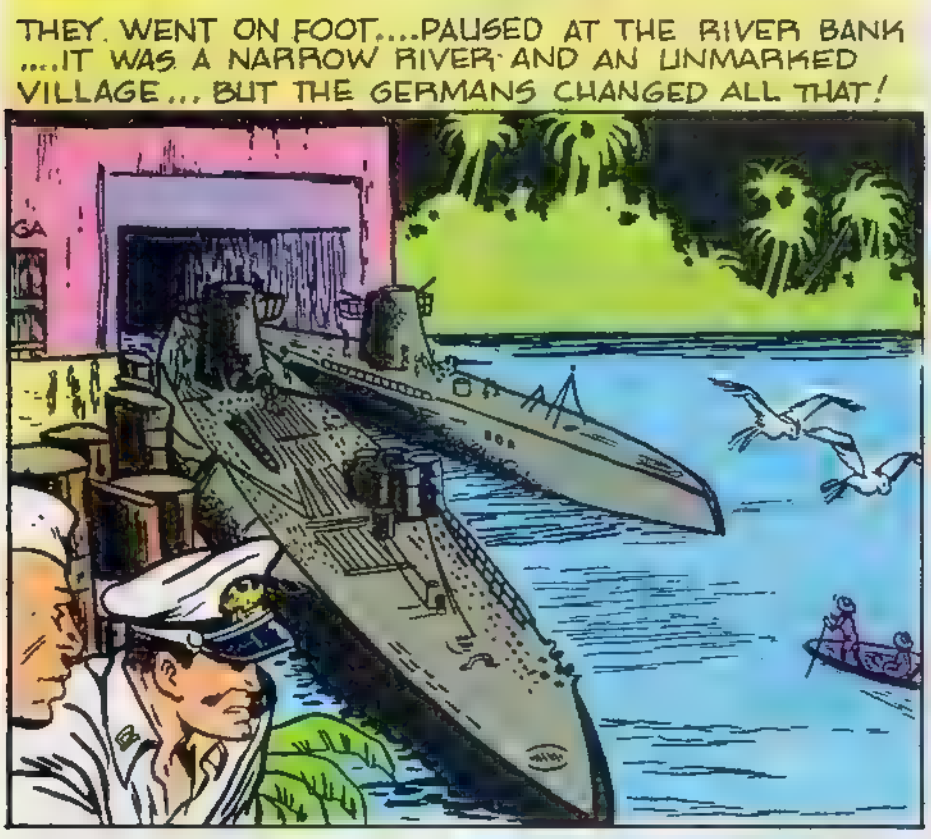

THEY HAD EMERGENCY WATER AND RATIONS IN THE LIFE RAFT .... BUT THE SUN WAS MERCILESS AND SOME OF THE MEN HAD BURNS !
WE'RE GOING IN THAT SAME DIRECTION ... IT'S THE NEAREST LAND ANYHOW....

BY NIGHTFALL, THEY WERE NEAR EXHAUSTION....
WHY DON'T WE LAND HERE, SIR?
WE'RE SAFER IN THE RAFT, JONESY! AND I THOUGHT I SAW LIGHTS IN THE DISTANCE... THERE MAY BE A VILLAGE !

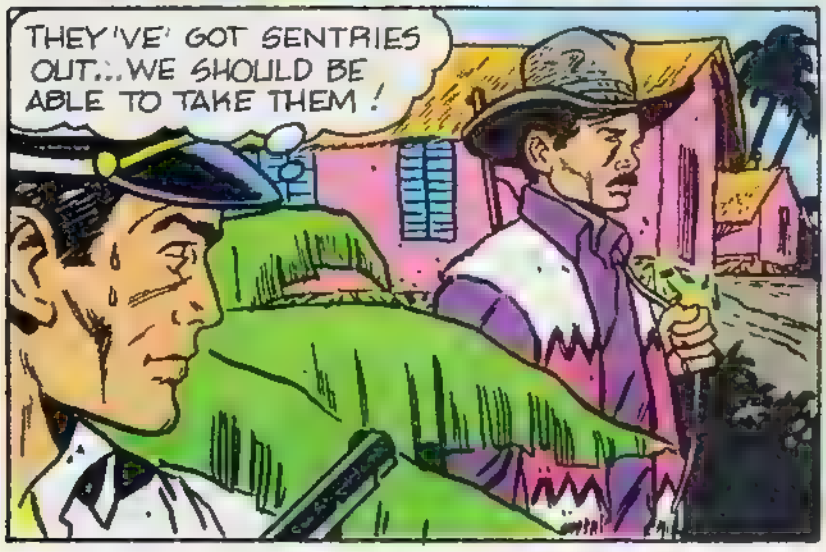
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

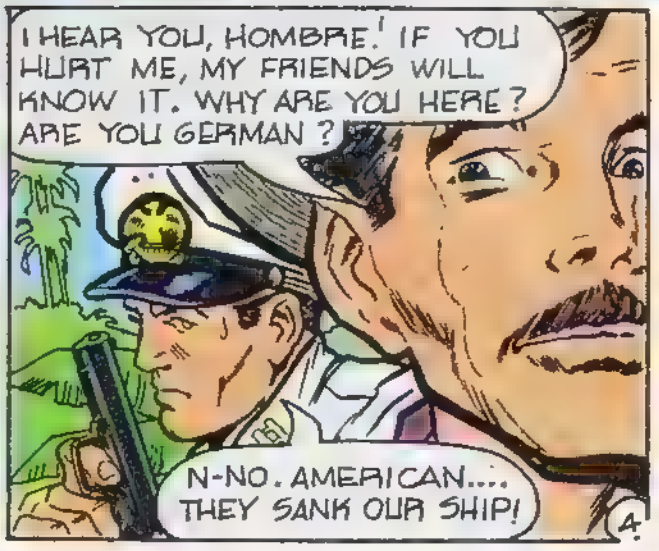
THERE WAS NO ELECTRICITY ALONG THAT PRIMITIVE COAST...YET LT. TUCKER SAW THE LIGHTS ON THE HORIZON AND HE KNEW...
NO NOISE NOW. WE'RE GETTING CLOSER. WE'LL BEACH THIS SIDE OF THE POINT, A HALF MILE FROM HERE!


WOUNDED STAY HERE! JONESY, YOU'RE IN CHARGE....GIVE THE GUNS TO THE MEN WHO CAN USE THEM....
WE'RE GOING TO SEE WHO'S GENERATING THAT ELECTRICITY.


THEY WENT ON FOOT....PAUSED AT THE RIVER BANK ....IT WAS A NARROW RIVER AND AN UNMARKED VILLAGE... BUT THE GERMANS CHANGED ALL THAT!

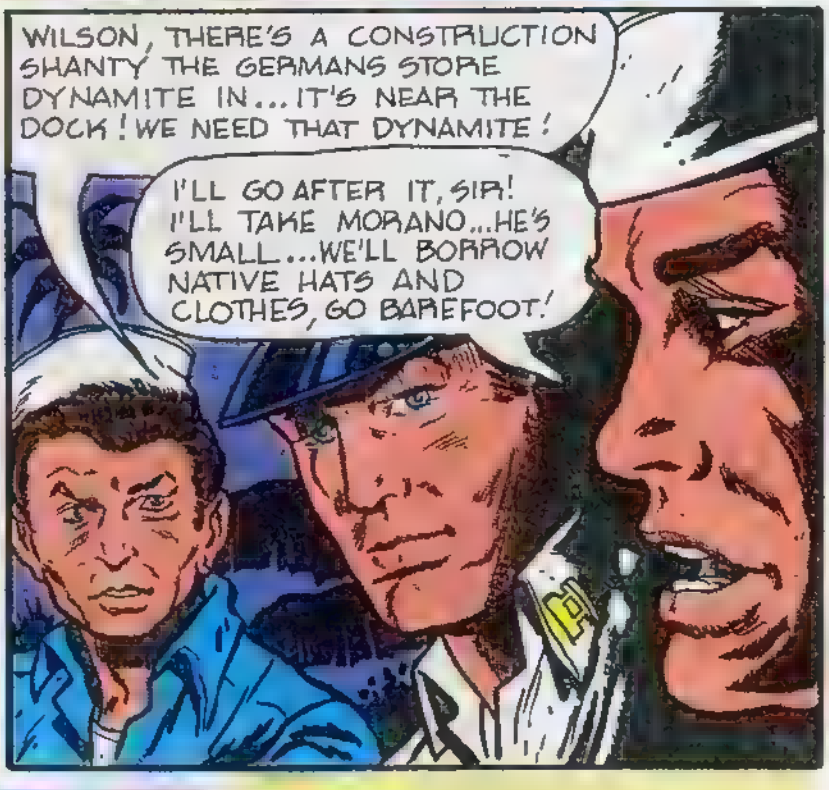
YOU HAVE SENTRIES POSTED, SEÑOR DIAZ! WHILE WE ARE REPAIRING MY SUBMARINE, YOU MUST DOUBLE YOUR SECURITY FORCE!
SI, CAPITAN...
...THE VILLAGERS KNOW THEY WILL BE PUNISHED IF THEY ARE LAX!


THEY'VE GOT SENTRIES OUT...WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO TAKE THEM!

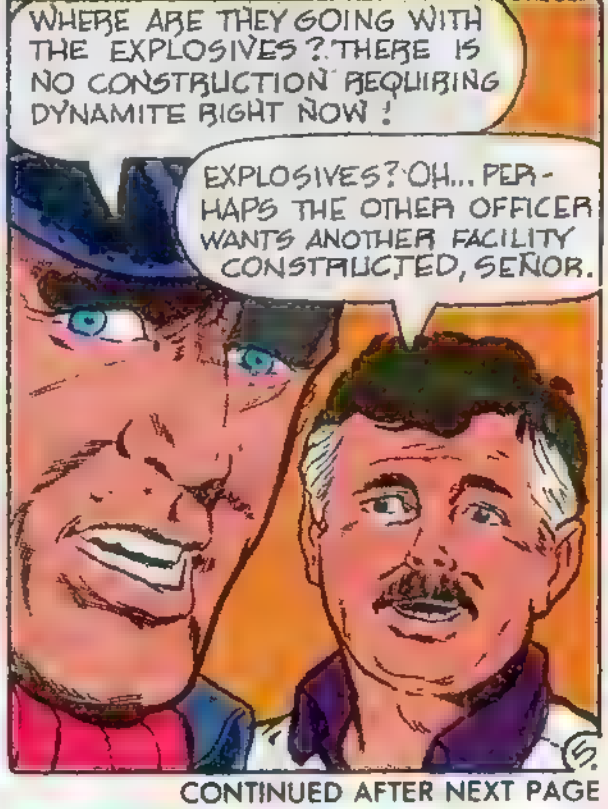

I HEAR YOU, HOMBRE! IF YOU HURT ME, MY FRIENDS WILL KNOW IT. WHY ARE YOU HERE? ARE YOU GERMAN?
N-NO. AMERICAN.... THEY SANK OUR SHIP!

THERE ARE MANY NAZIS, SEÑOR! OUR WOMEN AND CHILDREN MUST NOT BE ENDANGERED. YOU UNDERSTAND?
YES, MY FRIEND. IT IS LATE NOW. THEY MUST BE IN THE HOUSES, SLEEPING. CAN THEY LEAVE WITHOUT BEING SEEN?

LT. TUCKER HAD TO TRUST THE VILLAGER. ANOTHER SENTRY WAS SUMMONED... THEY TALKED QUICKLY, THEN TURNED TO THE NAVY GUN CREW COMMANDER!


WILSON, THERE'S A CONSTRUCTION SHANTY THE GERMANS STORE DYNAMITE IN... IT'S NEAR THE DOCK! WE NEED THAT DYNAMITE!
I'LL GO AFTER IT, SIR! I'LL TAKE MORANO... HE'S SMALL... WE'LL BORROW NATIVE HATS AND CLOTHES, GO BAREFOOT!

THE GERMANS WERE BUSY GETTING THEIR SUBMARINES READY FOR SEA... THEY PAID NO ATTENTION TO THE TWO MEN CARRYING DYNAMITE AWAY, UNTIL....


WHERE ARE THEY GOING WITH THE EXPLOSIVES? THERE IS NO CONSTRUCTION REQUIRING DYNAMITE RIGHT NOW!
EXPLOSIVES? OH... PERHAPS THE OTHER OFFICER WANTS ANOTHER FACILITY CONSTRUCTED, SEÑOR.

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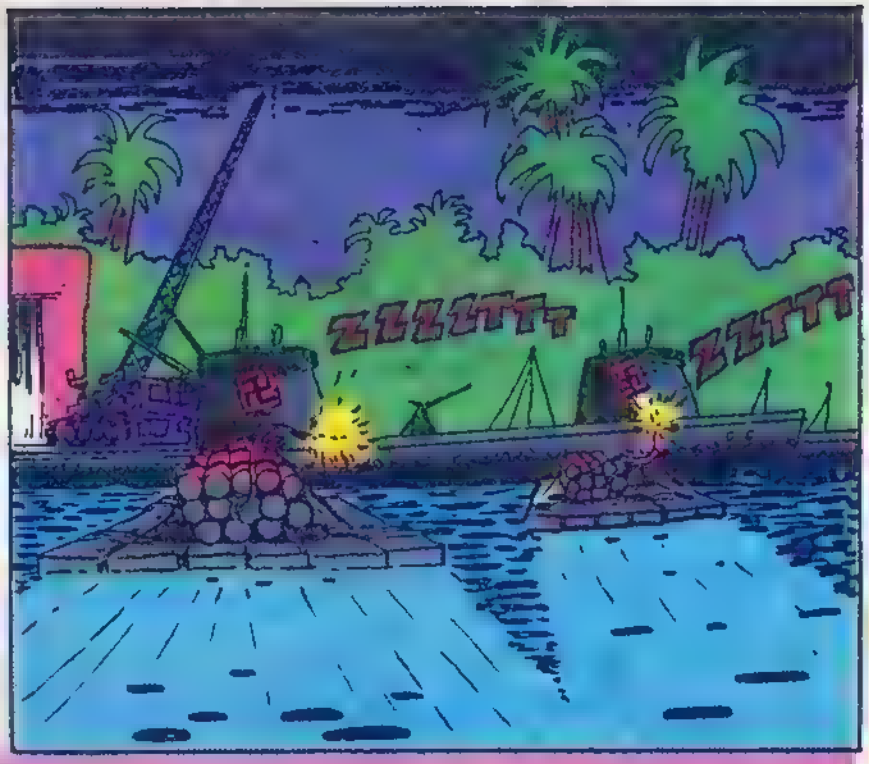
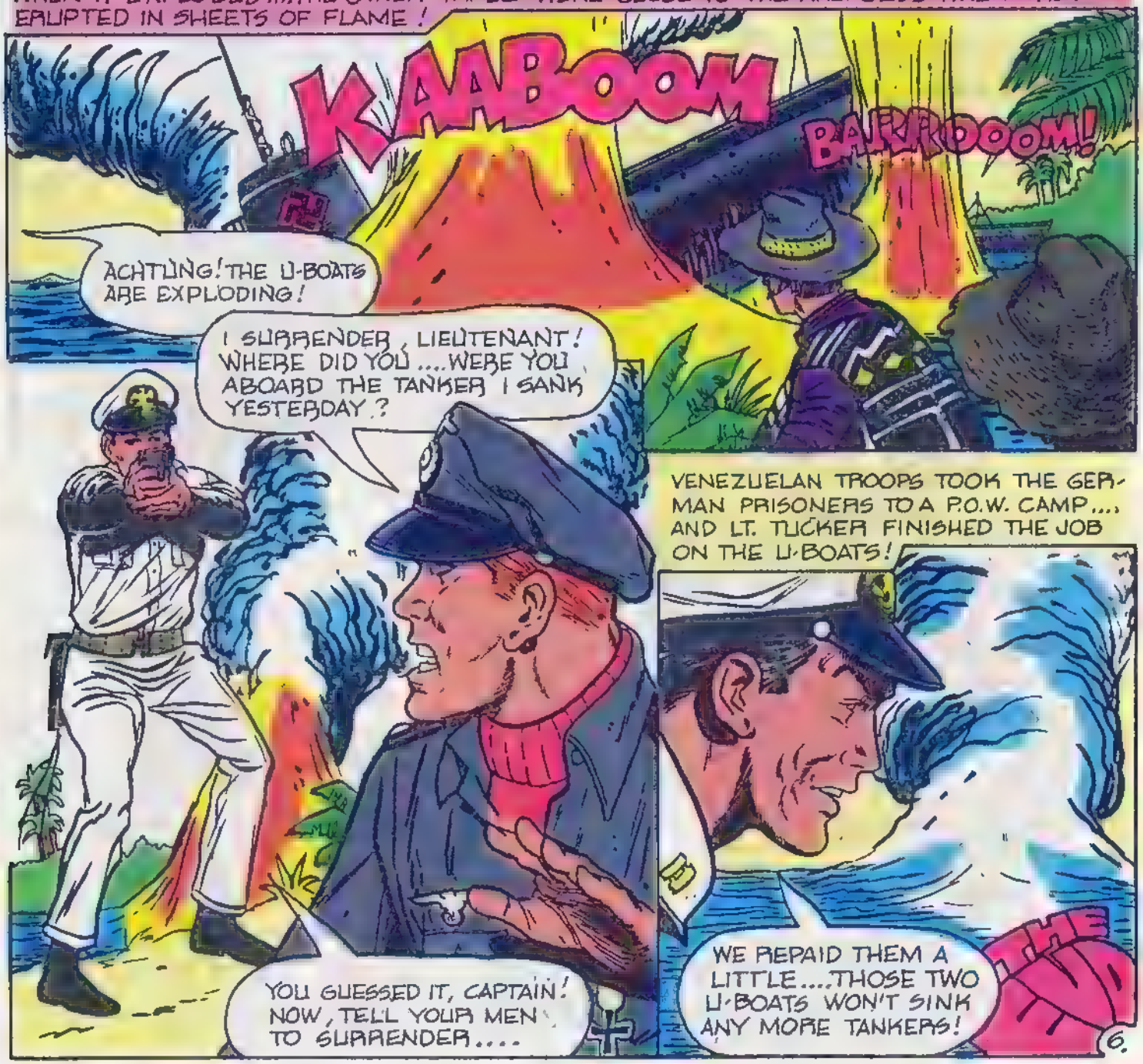
LT. TUCKER KNEW WHAT TO DO.... HE LED HIS GROUP AROUND THE VILLAGE....UP STREAM THE DYNAMITE WAS FUSED AND PLACED IN SMALL RAFTS!



THERE WERE FOUR RAFTS....THEY DRIFTED NEAR THE SUBS...ONE WAS DOWNSTREAM WHEN IT EXPLODED....THE OTHER THREE WERE CLOSE TO THE NAZI SUBS WHEN THEY ERUPTED IN SHEETS OF FLAME!


KAABOOM
BA-KA-DOOM!
ACHTUNG! THE U-BOATS ARE EXPLODING!
I SURRENDER, LIEUTENANT! WHERE DID YOU....WERE YOU ABOARD THE TANKER I SANK YESTERDAY?
YOU GUESSED IT, CAPTAIN! NOW, TELL YOUR MEN TO SURRENDER....

VENEZUELAN TROOPS TOOK THE GERMAN PRISONERS TO A P.O.W. CAMP.... AND LT. TUCKER FINISHED THE JOB ON THE U-BOATS!

INTRODUCING

"SHOTGUN" HARKER AND THE CHICKEN

I'M SGT. ARKIE HARKER, THIS IS THE 3RD SQUAD, 2ND PLATOON, ALPHA COMPANY... AND WE'RE ON POINT AGAIN... OUT FRONT WHERE THE CHARLIES ARE CRAWLING IN THE BOONIES WAITIN' FOR SOME F.N.G.S (FOOLISH NEW GUYS) TO WALK INTO THEIR TRAP!

A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THEIR PEKING-MADE LIGHT M.G. STARTS TO CHATTER, I SMELL 'EM OUT... AND I START PUMPIN' 12 GAUGE DOUBLE-O SHOT INTO THEM AT CLOSE RANGE! THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE AN AUTOMATIC SHOTGUN BLAZIN' IN YOUR FACE TO INSPIRE RESPECT!

IT'S A TRAP... LET'S GIT OUTA HERE!

BUDDA BUDDA

FOLLOW ME, YOU BOOTS! THEY'LL HAVE A CORK IN THE JUG BY NOW!

Montes & Backe

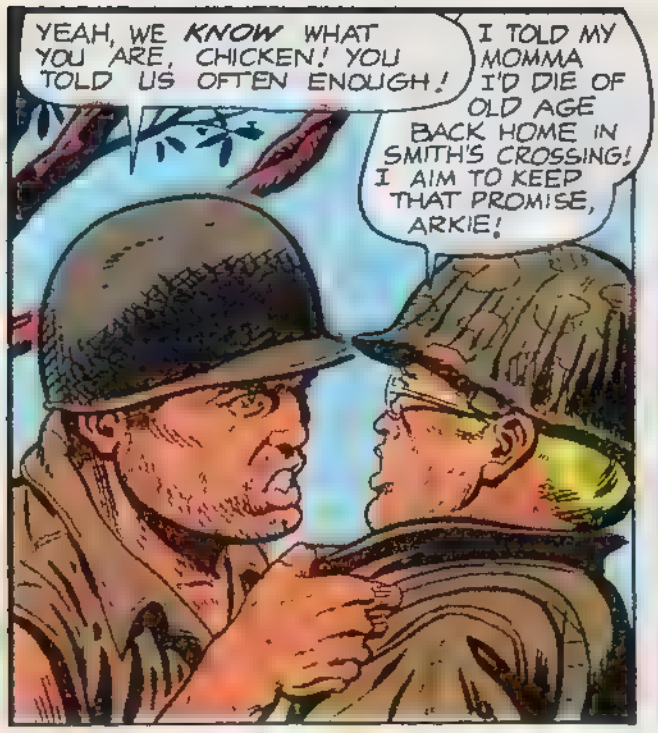
YOU DIE!

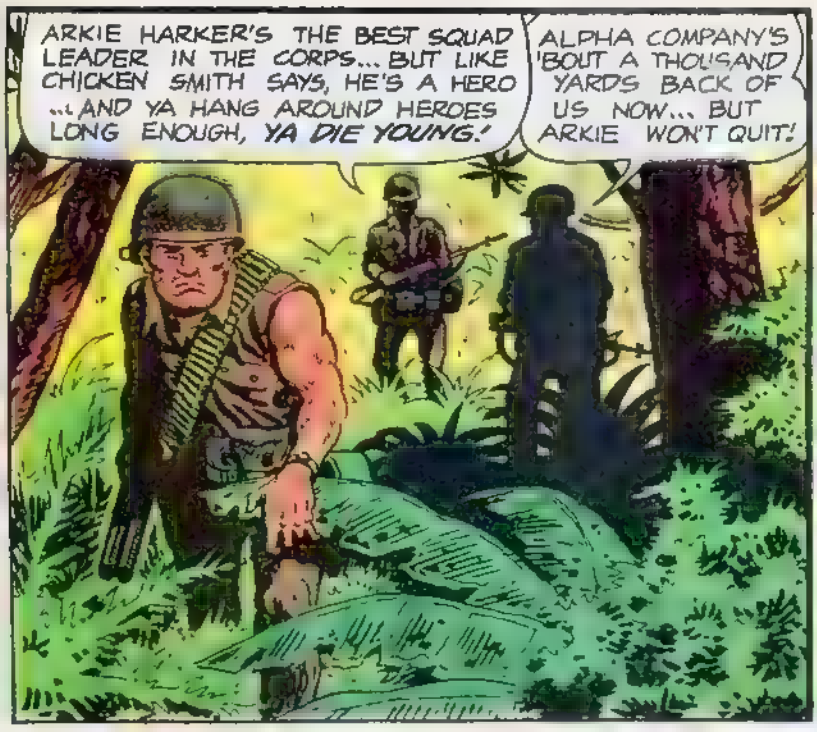
B-1012

SORRY 'BOUT THAT, CHARLIE!

BLAM

THERE MUST BE 50 V.C.s IN THE AREA... WE GOT A REAL CHANCE TO SCORE ...BUT I GOTTA RELOAD MY CANNON TO GET BACK IN BUSINESS! WHILE I'M SHOVING 12 GAUGE SHELLS INTO THE BLASTER, MY SQUAD IS GIVING THEM FITS, EVEN CHICKEN SMITH.
JUST MY LUCK... TO GET A GUNG HO HERO FOR A SQUAD LEADER! HE'LL GET US ALL KILLED!
WATCH 'EM... CHARLIE'S GONNA PULL BACK... THEY'LL VANISH ON US IF WE LET 'EM!
GOOD... LET 'EM GET LOST... I WON'T MISS 'EM A BIT!
POW! POW!
POW
COME ON... LET'S GO GET 'EM!
ZIIIIIING!
ZINNNNG!
ZING!
BLAM!
GONE! THEY GOT AWAY!
LET 'EM GO... I'M NO FANATIC!
2

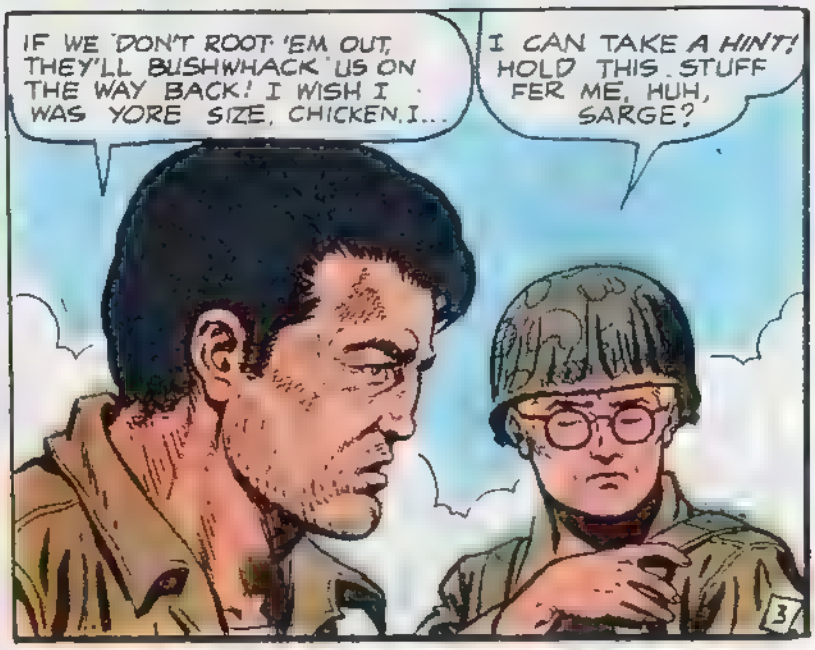

YEAH, WE KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, CHICKEN! YOU TOLD US OFTEN ENOUGH!
I TOLD MY MOMMA I'D DIE OF OLD AGE BACK HOME IN SMITH'S CROSSING! I AIM TO KEEP THAT PROMISE, ARKIE!

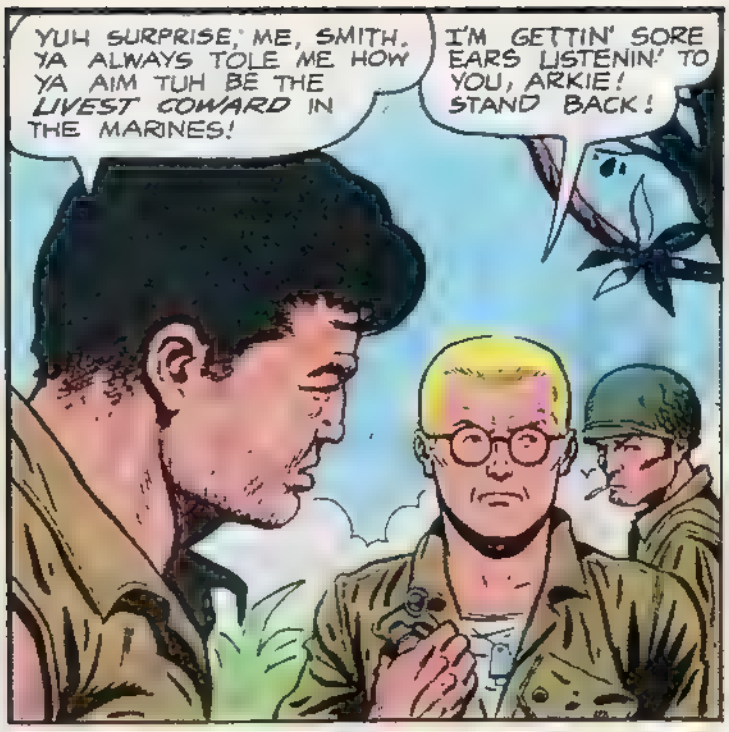

ARKIE HARKER'S THE BEST SQUAD LEADER IN THE CORPS... BUT LIKE CHICKEN SMITH SAYS, HE'S A HERO ...AND YA HANG AROUND HEROES LONG ENOUGH, YA DIE YOUNG!
ALPHA COMPANY'S 'BOUT A THOUSAND YARDS BACK OF US NOW... BUT ARKIE WON'T QUIT!

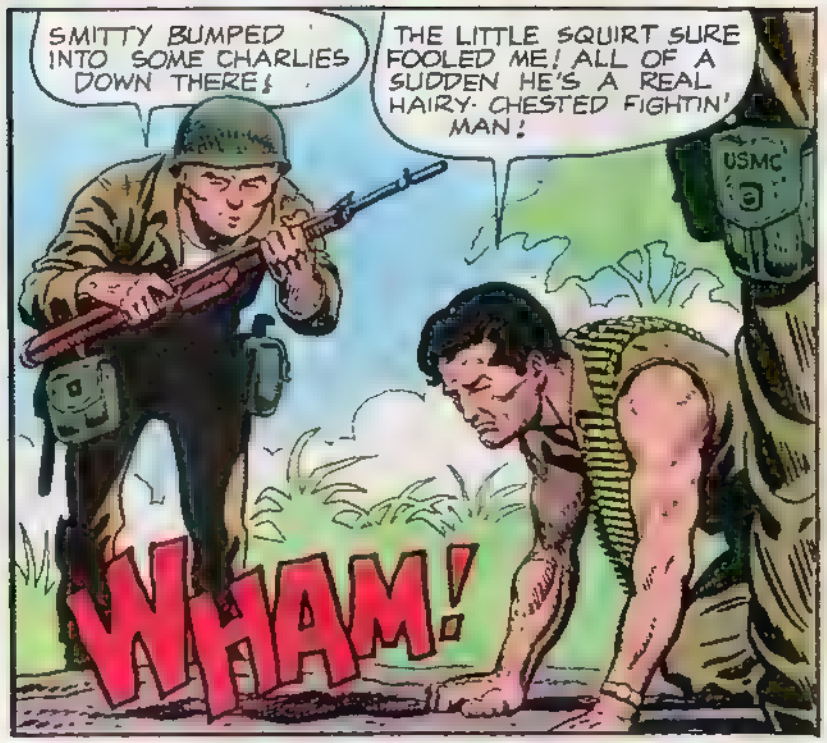
HERE'S WHERE THEY WENT DOWN THIS STINKIN' TUNNEL!
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE, SARGE.

I'M GOIN' DOWN AFTER 'EM, HUNK--YOU GOT THE SQUAD IF I DON'T COME BACK OUT!

I SHOULDA KNOWED BETTER... I SQUEEZE MY SHOULDERS IN AND THERE I STICK!
COME ON UP, SARGE! YOU'RE TOO BIG!

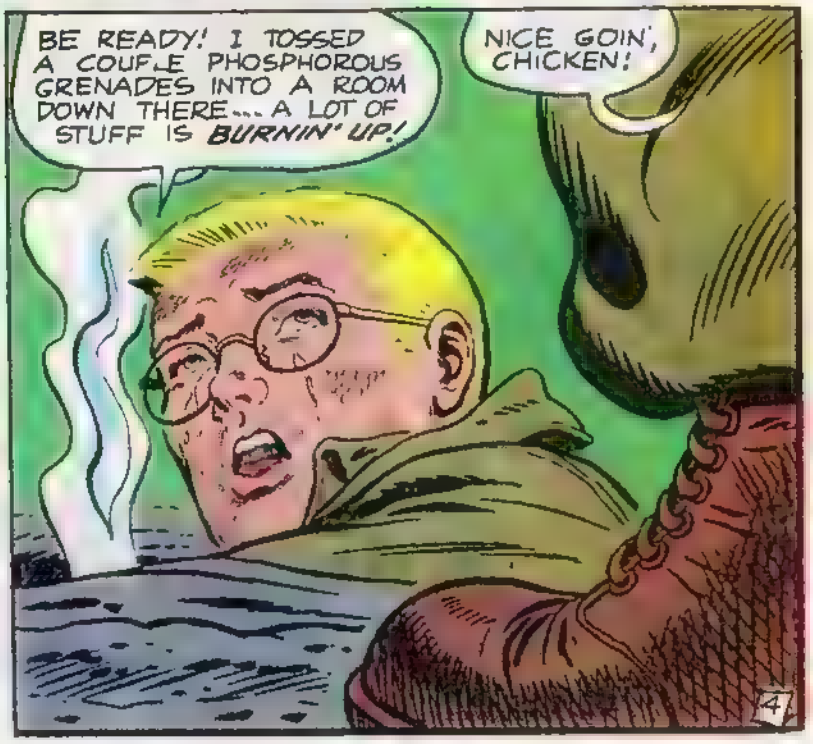

IF WE DON'T ROOT 'EM OUT, THEY'LL BUSHWHACK US ON THE WAY BACK! I WISH I WAS YORE SIZE, CHICKEN. I...
I CAN TAKE A HINT! HOLD THIS STUFF FER ME, HUH, SARGE?


YUH SURPRISE, ME, SMITH. YA ALWAYS TOLE ME HOW YA AIM TUH BE THE *LIVEST COWARD* IN THE MARINES!
I'M GETTIN' SORE EARS LISTENIN' TO YOU, ARKIE! STAND BACK!

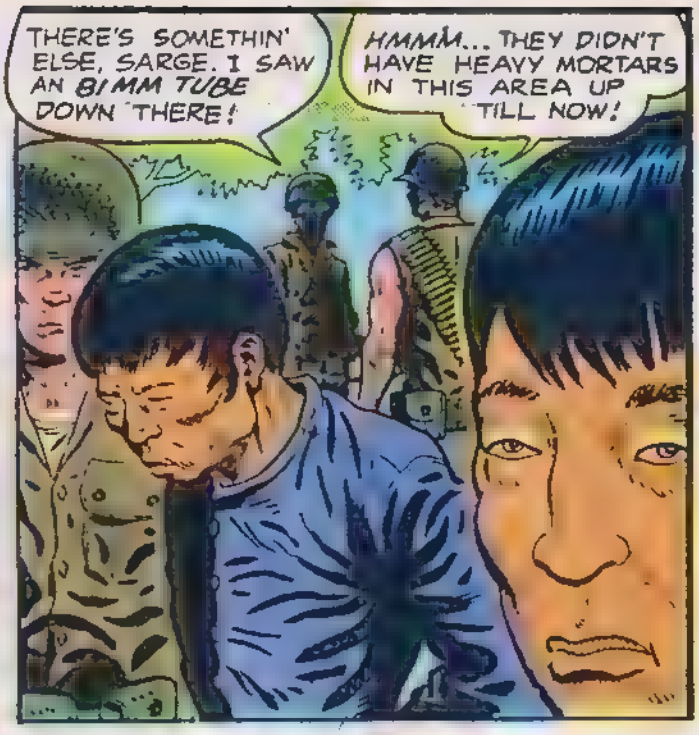

SMITTY BUMPED INTO SOME CHARLIES DOWN THERE!
THE LITTLE SQUIRT SURE FOOLED ME! ALL OF A SUDDEN HE'S A REAL HAIRY-CHESTED FIGHTIN' MAN!
USMC
WHAM!

THEY'RE FIRIN' AT THE KID! HE DIDN'T HAVE HIS WEAPON DOWN THERE!
BEEOOWG
ZING

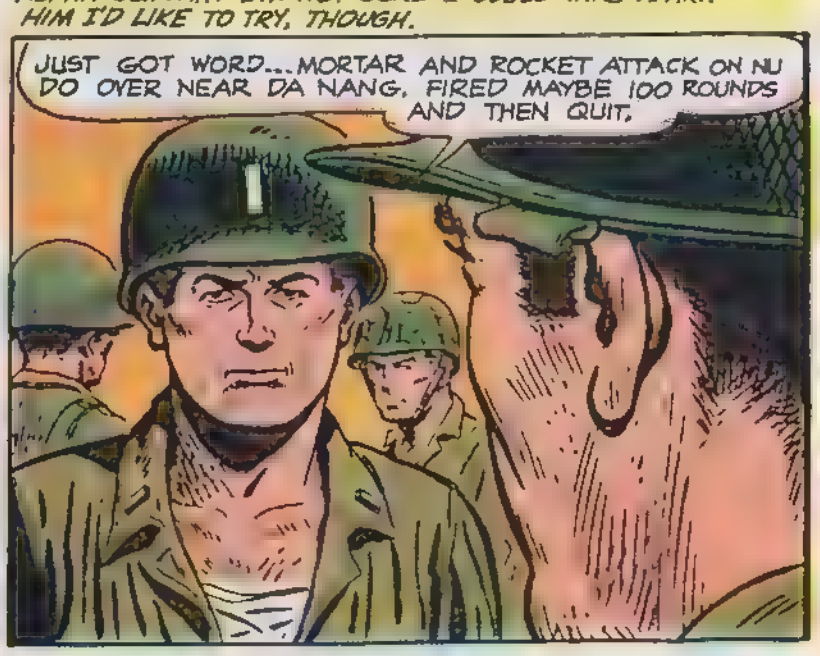
WHAT'S GOIN' ON-- THEY HOLDIN' A *BARBECUE* DOWN THERE?
WATCH IT... CHARLIE'LL BE COMIN' OUT IN A MINUTE!


BE READY! I TOSSED A COUPLE PHOSPHOROUS GRENADES INTO A ROOM DOWN THERE... A LOT OF STUFF IS *BURNIN' UP!*
NICE GOIN', CHICKEN!
4

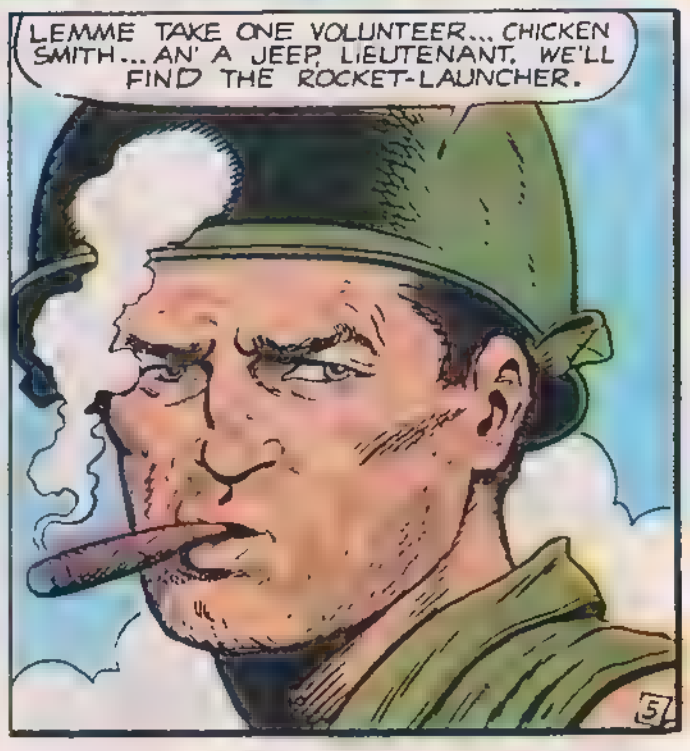
THEY COME OUTA THERE WITH TEARS IN THEIR EYES..THE SMOKE BLINDED ALL OF THEM.
FRISK 'EM... IF YA MISS A KNIFE OR A GRENADE, YA'LL BE SORRY!



LT. RAPP'S A PRO... ANNAPOLIS RING AND ALL. HE KNOWS HIS TRADE... HE'S ABOUT THE ONLY GUY IN ALPHA COMPANY I'M NOT SURE I COULD TAKE APART. HIM I'D LIKE TO TRY, THOUGH.



NOBODY FOUND WHERE THEY FIRED FROM?
NO. THE ROCKETS WERE 8 INCH JOBS, THE LAUNCHERS ARE ALWAYS TRUCK-MOUNTED. NO ONE CAN FIGURE HOW THE CHARLIES DID IT.

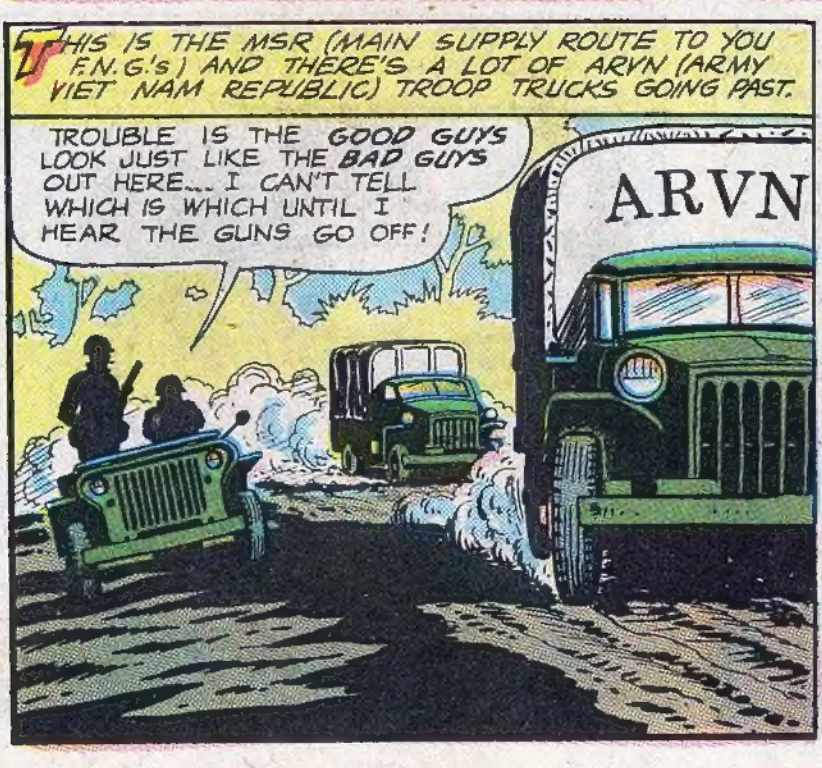


CHICKEN SMITH, AS USUAL, LEAPED RIGHT UP WHEN I ASKED FOR A VOLUNTEER... HIM!
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE SERGEANT! I'M NOT GONNA...

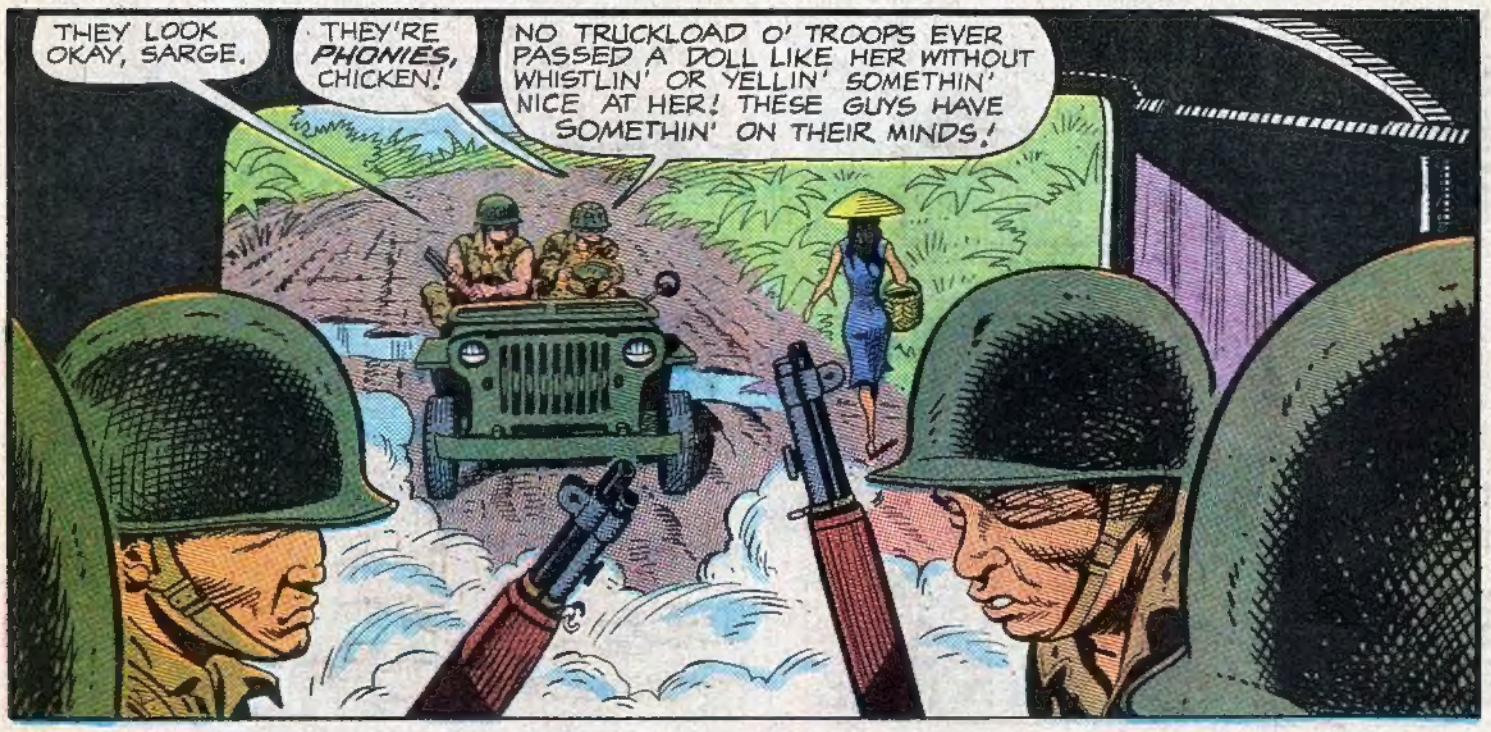
...UH...THAT IS... WHERE WE GONNA GO, SARGE?
JOYRIDIN' AROUND NU DO AN' NA DANG! IT'S A REAL PIECE O' CAKE!

FASTER!
YOU NUTS OR SOMETHIN'? I'LL WRECK THIS HEAP! OKAY, OKAY-- I'LL GO FASTER!

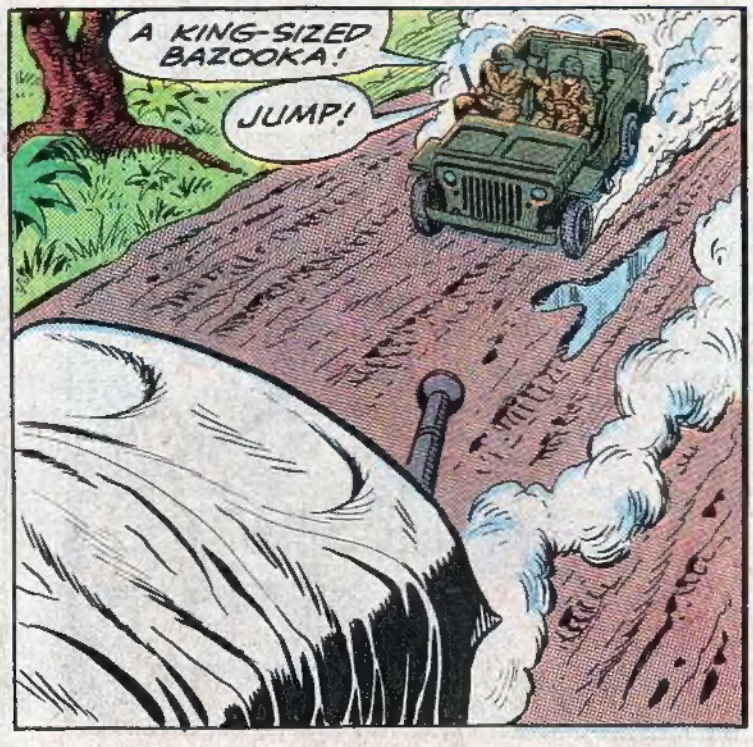
SEE? THEY'RE SET TO DETONATE A SECOND OR SO AFTER THE FRONT WHEEL HITS THE FUSE! WE'RE CLEAR BY THEN!
WHAM


THIS IS THE MSR (MAIN SUPPLY ROUTE TO YOU F.N.G.'s) AND THERE'S A LOT OF ARVN (ARMY VIET NAM REPUBLIC) TROOP TRUCKS GOING PAST.
TROUBLE IS THE GOOD GUYS LOOK JUST LIKE THE BAD GUYS OUT HERE... I CAN'T TELL WHICH IS WHICH UNTIL I HEAR THE GUNS GO OFF!
ARVN

HEY, SARGE... THAT ARVN CAPTAIN SALUTED YOU FIRST! IT'S LIKE I ALWAYS SAID... A MARINE SERGEANT...
THE REAL VIET NAMESE KNOW BETTER, CHICKEN! START THE JEEP!
6


THEY LOOK OKAY, SARGE.
THEY'RE PHONIES, CHICKEN!
NO TRUCKLOAD O' TROOPS EVER PASSED A DOLL LIKE HER WITHOUT WHISTLIN' OR YELLIN' SOMETHIN' NICE AT HER! THESE GUYS HAVE SOMETHIN' ON THEIR MINDS!

WE'RE GETTIN' THE DOUBLE-O, SMITTY! STAY LOOSE...BE READY!


A KING-SIZED BAZOOKA!
JUMP!

WHAM!
POOR SMITTY! HE WAS TOO SLOW!

THEY DON'T CALL ME, CHICKEN FOR NOTHIN', ARKIE! I CLEARED THE JEEP BEFORE YOU DID!
COME ON...WE GOTTA SEE WHERE THE CONVOY TURNED OFF!

HERE'S THE TRACK IN THE MUD... TREAD'S WORN OFF ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE RIGHT REAR TIRE!

6 MILES FURTHER ON... THE PFC SPOTS WHERE THE FAKE ARVN CONVOY TURNED OFF. I FIGURE WE'RE ABOUT A MILE FROM THE END OF THE FIGHTER RUNWAY AT DA NANG.
IN THERE!

WHEN I CALLED YOU CHICKEN, I SURE NAMED YOU RIGHT! WHAT'S WRONG NOW?
I'M ST-STANDIN' ON A SNAKE... THERE ARE A COUPLE MORE NEAR YOU!

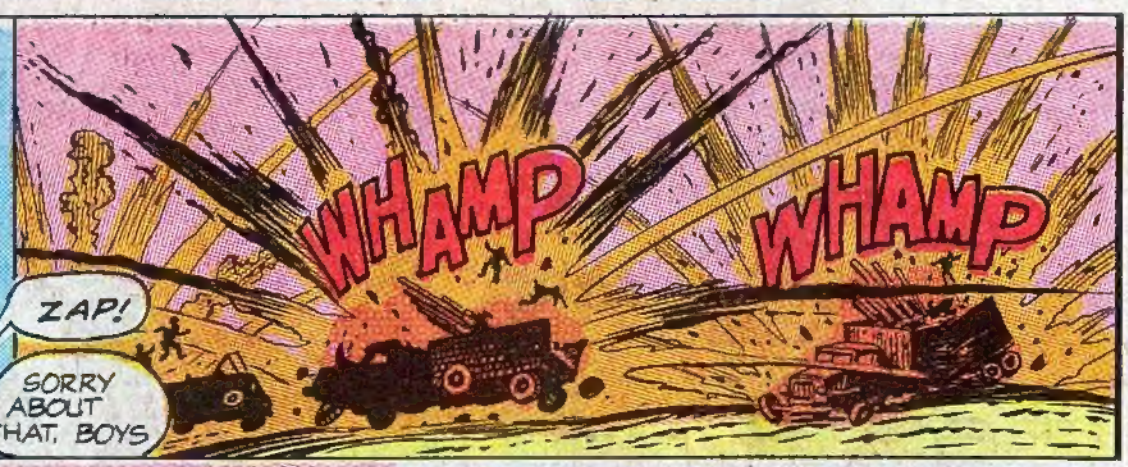
COME ON!
YEEEEE

WE'VE FOUND THE CHARLIES... AND THEIR HEAVY MORTAR SHELLS! BUT IN ANOTHER SECOND I'M GONNA BE A CASUALTY UNLESS I CAN THINK OF SOMETHIN'!
GET 'IM, SARGE!

NEAT, SARGE!
8

WE MOVE THROUGH THE JUNGLE LOOKING FOR SURVIVORS... MOST OF THE MORTAR CREWS ARE CASUALTIES IN THE JUNGLE. WE FIND THE TRUCK-MOUNTED ROCKET-LAUNCHERS IN A CLEARING...

AS EACH ROCKET IS FUSED, IT EXPLODES RIGHT THERE ON THE TRACK! I HAVEN'T ENJOYED ANYTHING THIS MUCH SINCE MY EX-GIRL FRIEND MARRIED A DRAFT DODGER BACK HOME. EVERYBODY DESERVED WHAT THEY GOT, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!



I REPORT TO THE SKIPPER OF ALPHA COMPANY, THEN HEAD FOR THE PLATOON AREA. LT. RAPP'S THERE...

WE HEARD HEROES! YOU TWO BUSTED UP THE CHARLIE MORTAR OUTFIT!
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR. AS A REWARD TO CHICKEN SMITH, I PROMISED HIM A PASS TO SAIGON... BUT HE'LL ONLY GO IF I COME ALONG TO LOOK AFTER HIM.
ARE YOU KIDDIN'? MY FEET HURT AN' I'M GONNA HIT THE PAD AS...
CP

SOMETIMES THESE KIDS ARE HARD TO UNDERSTAND. IMAGINE ANY MARINE WANTIN' TO LAY AROUND AND SLEEP... WHEN HE CAN HIT A TOWN LIKE SAIGON?